Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its **one hundred and fiftieth year.** It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of **forty-eight columns** filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers, by addressing the publisher.

Local Matters.

Unity Club.

The annual meeting of the Unity Club was held on the evening of the 14th inst. at the Channing Parlors on Pelham street. There were more than 60 people present, and, in addition to the business proceedings, the members had a pleasant social time among themselves, diversified by singing, piano playing, elocutionary readings, and winding up with ice cream and cakes, a finish that always cements friendly meetings.

The reports showed that the present number of members who had paid their dues was 126, with some 30 odd still to be heard from. The meetings have been well attended—averaging 65 ladies and gentlemen every night. On special occasions upwards of 200 had been present.

The Board of Management for the twelve months from April, 1908, till April, 1909, was then elected and the following were the names unanimously voted for: President, Dr. A. F. Squire; first vice-president, A. O'D. Taylor, Jr.; second vice-president, Mrs. Emma Buckhout; secretary, Miss Elizabeth G. Nuss; treasurer, Harvey F. Copeland. The special effort made by the charitable committee of the club this year for the "Nina Lynette" Home for the Aged, resulted in the substantial sum of $225 for that institution. The press of Newport, including the "MERCURY," the "Herald" and the "Daily News," were specially thanked by the president at this meeting, for their kindly notices during the past session.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was a quiet and uneventful one, although one of the members took occasion to remark that he did not like the paving blocks that are being laid on Thames street.

The weekly department payrolls were approved and also several small bills for work connected with the Thames street pavement. Several applications for minor licenses were granted. The contract with the Cleveland Vapor Light Company was presented for approval and Mayor Clarke was given authority to sign it on behalf of the city. Aldermen Cottrell and Anthony were appointed a committee to dispose of the old schoolhouse on Farewell street. The street commissioner was given authority to contract for dustoline, which will be delivered in May. The board voted to advertise for another 100,000 granite blocks for Thames street, and Alderman Boyle remarked that he did not want any more like the ones now being used.

A Barn Fire.

There was a lively fire in a barn on Robinson street Thursday afternoon, which completely gutted the structure in which it started and for a time threatened to communicate with the house. The property belongs to John Oxx of Middletown and was occupied by Carl North. It was covered by insurance.

The fire was discovered shortly before four o'clock in the afternoon and an alarm was at once rung in from Box 26. Before the arrival of the apparatus Mrs. North was successful in getting the cattle out of the barn. The department made short work of the flames but the fire had gained such headway before their arrival that the interior was completely destroyed.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

Captain A. C. Dillingham will be relieved of the command of the Naval Training Station here on April 30 and will assume command of the navy yard and receiving ship at Norfolk. Captain Dillingham has been in command here about 16 months, relieving Rear Admiral Thomas.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Thomas R. Hunter.

Mrs. Frances Hunter, widow of Thomas R. Hunter, died at her residence on Rhode Island avenue Friday noon, after having been in failing health for some time. It was realized that her condition was serious and messages were sent to members of her family who live away, summoning them to Newport, but not all of them were able to reach here before she died.

Mrs. Hunter was a most estimable woman, with a host of warm personal friends. In spite of her advanced years she maintained to the last her active interest in the affairs of every day life, and was well informed on the questions of the day. She was devoted to her family and will be greatly missed by her children.

She was born on May 26, 1819, and would have reached her eighty-ninth birthday next month if she had lived. She is survived by three daughters, Mrs. William Rogers Morgan, Miss Augusta Hunter and Mrs. Shafter Howard, and two sons, Mr. William R. Hunter and Mr. Charles Hunter; also one son by her first husband, Mr. John Taylor of Stamford, Conn.

Mrs. Philip B. Chase.

Mrs. Philip B. Chase, widow of the late Town Clerk of the town of Portsmouth, died at her residence in that town on Sunday last in her eighty-sixth year. She was a daughter of the late William Earl Cook, who died in Portsmouth a few years ago at the age of 103. Although Mrs. Chase had been ill for several weeks, it had been thought that she would recover and her death came quite suddenly at the last. She was an active worker in the Methodist Church, of which she had long been a member, and was very well known in the town. She is survived by seven children: Mr. Philip Stevens Chase and Mr. Isaac Chase of Providence, Mr. Constant C. Chase and Mrs. Benjamin Greene of Portsmouth, Mr. Charles E. Chase of Newport, Mrs. Frank Fish of Boston, and Mrs. John Abbott of Taunton. Two other children died within a few years, Mr. William C. Chase of Providence and Mrs. George H. Peckham of Portsmouth.

Benjamin Buffum.

Mr. Benjamin Buffum, for many years superintendent of the Providence, Fall River & Newport Steamboat Company, or its predecessors, died at his home in Providence on Tuesday after a long illness, aged forty-eight years. He was a son of Benjamin and Ellen K. Buffum and a nephew of the late David and Thomas B. Buffum of Middletown and a cousin of Mr. William P. Buffum of this city.

Benjamin Buffum entered the employ of the American Steamboat Company while his father was the superintendent and worked his way up through subordinate positions to himself assume the position of superintendent. He was with the company for many years and was well known in this city, which is an important terminus of the steamboat company.

The contractors have at last succeeded in laying the submarine water supply pipe to connect Fort Greble with the mainland at Saunderstown and the water has been turned on with entire success. The last sections of the pipe were laid last Saturday afternoon in record time, after all kinds of trouble had been encountered for the previous six weeks. Conditions of wind and sea had to be just right in order to permit the work to be carried on expeditiously and many attempts that were made during the month of March to lay the pipe proved unsuccessful.

Steamer Cheronea arrived in Newport harbor early Tuesday morning in order to obtain sufficient coal to take her to her destination. The steamer was bound from Spain to Bayonne, N. J., and encountered such rough weather on the voyage that the fuel supply was completely exhausted. In order to reach this harbor much of the woodwork of the vessel had to be stripped and burned. A supply of coal was taken on and the steamer sailed later. There was considerable bother in locating the health officer to comply with the regulations regarding a vessel from a foreign port.

The General Society of the Sons of the Revolution of the United States will hold its triennial meeting in Washington on April 26 and 27. The delegates from the Rhode Island Society are Colonel Charles L. F. Robinson, J. Powell Cozzens and John P. Sanborn, and Col. Robinson and Mr. Cozzens will attend. The exercises will include a trip to the Old State House at Annapolis where a reception will be given by the Society of Maryland. The concluding exercises on Tuesday night will be a banquet at the New Willard Hotel.

Mr. S. W. Mott of Block Island was in Newport during the past week.

Thames Street Pavement.

The Thames street pavement is substantial—that is admitted. When the time comes to open the street for repairs to any of the pipes the services of an expert bank burglar will be required to penetrate the surface. The pavement will wear, too long some persons think. For even with all the preparations that have been made and the care used in laying it, it will be very far from smooth even when new. After the top dressing of concrete wears off there will be nothing but the surface of the granite blocks to receive the impact of hoofs and wheels and then the noise will be greater.

The process of laying the pavement is interesting to watch and there has been no scarcity of watchers, nothing but a heavy shower being sufficient to scatter them from the adjoining sidewalks. After the old pavement is removed and a smooth bed prepared a thick filling of crushed stone is given and thoroughly rolled in by the light roller of the Simpson Company. Then this is flooded with strong cement, binding all the loose stones compactly together and another rolling is given. After this has become as hard as the original rock it is covered with a layer of sand as a bed for the granite blocks. The blocks are then laid as smoothly as possible by expert pavers and the interstices are filled with cement. Then over the surface is poured still another coating of cement and when this has hardened sufficiently the pavement is ready for use. With such a binding of cement at every stage of the process the component parts are welded together into a mass as hard and compact as a solid block of stone.

Those who have from the first advocated the granite block form of pavement express themselves as entirely satisfied with the work that is being done, but others are disappointed in the roughness of the surface. There seemed to be an idea in some quarters that the granite blocks would be smoothed off on the top side, but this was found not to be the case as the blocks are the same as any others. They are laid with great care, expert pavers being brought here from Boston and each block to go into the street is carefully selected. The pavers are fast workers and those who are preparing the foundation must move quickly in order to keep ahead of them. Starting at the corner of Washington square quite a stretch toward Mary street is now finished and the work will be pushed through as rapidly as possible.

It is to be hoped that there will be no alarm of fire in the Thames street district until after the laying of the pavement is completed. It would prove a difficult job for the engines to get into position on the section of the street that is in the hands of the pavers, for the blocks are scattered over quite a section of the street.

To-morrow will be Easter Sunday. There will be special services in all the churches, and many of them will have augmented choirs for the occasion. If the weather is good there should be large attendance and a great display of spring millinery. The Easter trade in Newport has hardly been up to the usual standard this year however.

Government bands have not yet been restrained from competing with civilian bands for private contracts. An attempt was made to so restrain them by tacking on an amendment to the naval appropriation bill, but it was killed on the point of order. The Fort Adams and Training Station bands here are much interested in the matter.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Edward P. Marsh were held at her late residence on Cranston avenue on Monday, being conducted by Rev. George W. Quick, D. D., and Rev. Frank Rector of Pawtucket. The interment was in the family plot in the Island Cemetery.

Miss Edith May Tilley, regent of William Ellery Chapter, and Mrs. J. Alton Barker have gone to Washington to attend the national Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution which will be held there next week.

The engagement is announced of Miss Angiolina Arata Gale, daughter of Mrs. Maria Gale, of this city, to Mr. Edgar Warren Hunt, of Worcester, Mass., the wedding to take place in June.

A section of the new fence at the baseball grounds was blown over during the high wind that prevailed during the first of the week.

Mr. Anthony Stewart, who has recently recovered from a severe attack of the grip, was able to be out the past week.

The Newport schools closed for the week Thursday afternoon, no sessions being held on Good Friday.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt sails for Europe on April 23rd.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening and it proved to be a long one, as the plans of the proposed new school building were submitted for examination, in addition to the routine business.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the month ending March 20, 1908, was 3,676, the average belonging 3,354.2, average attending 3,074.5, per cent. of attendance 91.6, cases of tardiness 366, and the cases of dismissal 128. The enrollment in Townsend Industrial School was 1,138. The evening schools closed March 13 after a session of 40 weeks.

Board of Health.

The Board of Health has reported seven cases of diphtheria and three cases of scarlet fever since the last meeting of the board, and 14 children are excluded from school because of these cases of contagion.

Finances.

City appropriation	$100,471 00
From other sources	2,027 29
	$102,498 29
Expenditures for three months	25,049 98
Balance	$77,367 31
Special appropriation	$6,050 00
Expenditure	649 93
Balance	$5,400 07

Fire Drills.

School	Drills	Av. Minutes	Seconds
Rogers	3	1	25
Callender	2	1	30
Calvert	1	2	2
Carey	2	0	52
Clarke	2	1	16
Coddington	2	2	52
Coggeshall	2	1	13
Cranston	2	0	56
Edward-Farewell	2	0	37½
Central	2	1	0
Parish	2	0	6½
Potter	2	1	30
Thayer	2	0	55

General Meeting.

When your superintendent learned that Superintendent Joseph G. Edgerly of Fitchburg, Mass., would be in Newport on March 18, he thought that an acquaintance of nearly 34 years would warrant him in asking for a practical talk to the teachers. Mr. Edgerly consented and spoke on "The Daily Problems of the Teacher."

Edward-Farewell Building.

The chairman of this board and your superintendent on March 10 met the Board of Aldermen in relation to this new building. A general statement of the kind of building was presented, and also a plat of the grounds and the adjacent estates. The necessity of straightening the western boundary line was evident, because of sanitary reasons, and no argument was needed. The Board of Aldermen was desirous of erecting a building in accordance with the wishes of this board and it was ready to take immediate action. On March 23 an advertisement was published by the city clerk, asking for plans, and at this date nine men have applied to this office for the necessary data.

The hyphenated Edward-Farewell is merely a combination of the names of two streets, and therefore it is not suitable for the new building. As the future name should be carved on the outer walls, it is not too early to consider the matter. It would surprise a stranger to know that neither Oliver Hazard nor Mathew Calbraith Perry has yet been honored. Channing, who is known the world over, and also the donors of the various funds (as Agassiz, King, Norman, Pell, and Read, to say nothing of other names that will come to the mind of the older citizens) are certainly suggestive and appropriate. Would it not be well to appoint a committee to suggest a suitable name?

Fire Signals.

Much thought and time have been given to the signals and drills during the month and radical improvements have been made in several cases. Generally speaking the drills have in the past been well conducted, but experience and further planning have perfected them. Nearly every school has some peculiarity of construction, and therefore the principal has been permitted to arrange the signals to meet the local conditions. To prevent confusion due to transfer of pupils, the board has deemed it best to establish a uniform series for all schools and to demand two drills per month instead of one.

School Buildings.

Several careful inspections of the houses have been made since the last regular meeting. A considerable number of undesirable conditions have been discovered and means taken to correct the worst. Excepting the Callender and the Edward-Farewell, which this board some time ago reported as defective in construction, the school buildings are in fair condition to meet the needs of a sudden exit of the pupils, but not in the best condition. Therefore after two special meetings of the board with the chief of the fire department it seemed best to adopt every suggestion that would remove all doubts of safety.

To meet this unexpected expense, which had not been provided for in the annual budget, the whole matter was presented to the Representative Council. The defects, the recommendations of the chief, and the probable cost of changes and additions, were stated in full, as the School Board did not wish to incur any responsibility for accident due to differences of opinion as regards what is or what is not safe. The Representative Council voted at once the sum estimated. Work had already been begun on the most obvious needs and the remaining changes have been completed or are now under way.

What is true of Newport is also true of all other cities, especially where there are buildings from 20 to 30 years old. Hundreds of thousands of dollars must be expended to place them on a level with those of Newport, even before the changes authorized March 27. When all these changes are completed it should be impossible for any harm from fire to threaten the pupils of this city.

The report of Truant Officer Topham contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 325; number out for illness and other causes, 293; number of cases of truancy (public, 18; parochial, 9), 27; number of different children truants, 24; number found not attending school, 6; number sent to public schools, 3; number sent to parochial schools, 1; number of certificates issued, 2; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspectors law, 1.

The boy whose name was presented for prosecution at your last meeting has not missed a session yet.

I recommend the prosecution of Marshall Ross, of 47 John street, who is an habitual school offender and truant.

The report of the finance committee was read and received. The committee on text books gave notice of a proposed change in text books to be acted on at the next meeting. The salary of the assistant janitor of the Rogers High School was fixed at $500 and Frank W. King was elected to the position.

The program of studies for the year was talked over and was adopted as submitted with only a slight change from last year. The matter of securing a name for the new school building was referred to the committee on the Edward-Farewell school. It was voted to invite the State Library Association, which will meet in Newport the last of May, to use the assembly hall in the Rogers High School building, and it was also decided to remit the rent for the use of the hall by the University Extension course. The teachers were given permission to use parts of the Rogers building for an evening entertainment for the benefit of the Retirement Fund.

A request from the Orpheus Singing Club for the use of the hall in the Rogers building was refused as it was felt to be necessary to draw the line somewhere.

In the middle of the session the school committee had been called by the board of aldermen to receive the plans submitted for the new school building, and the plans were delivered to them for their approval. After the regular business of the meeting had been disposed of the plans were examined but no action was taken. Plans were submitted by J. P. Lynch, F. W. H. Kalor, Darling & Slade, H. J. Briggs, Dudley Newton; C. J. Sonderman, J. D. Johnston and M. A. McCormick. The plans have been displayed about the committee room and a decision will soon be made.

Memorial Day.

Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., has appointed the following executive committee for the observance of Memorial Day:

Department Commander William O. Milne, Past Department Commander Andrew K. McMahon, Comrades John B. Mason, William S. Bailey, William P. Smith, J. I. Greene, William B. West, A. F. Squire, Charles H. Clarke, William H. Durfee, John T. Delano, Edwin H. Tilley, A. L. Trowbridge, W. S. Slocum, G. A. Pritchard, Joseph P. Cotton, Roland O. Hammond, Robert Cradie, Edward T. Bosworth, Daniel J. Moriarty and James Sheehan.

Steps have been taken to form an organization of the Sons of Veterans in Newport, a meeting for the purpose having been held at the Grand Army hall on Thursday evening. Department Commander William O. Milne called the meeting to order and explained its purpose, after which Mr. Samuel S. Thompson was elected chairman and Mortimer A. Sullivan secretary of the temporary organization. A committee was appointed to procure a charter, consisting of John McMahon, Joseph S. Milne and Howard G. Milne.

Mrs. Daniel B. Fearing died in Rome this week, after a considerable illness from heart trouble. It was known that she was in poor health and death did not come entirely unexpectedly. Mrs. Fearing was Miss Henrietta I. Strong of New York and was married to Mr. Fearing about 22 years ago. The remains will be brought to this city for interment.

Judge Baker has handed down a decision on the petition for a new trial in the case of Frank J. Corridon vs. The Providence Journal Company. The decision finds that the verdict was excessive and a new trial will be granted unless the plaintiff remit all damages in excess of $2000.

A Rhode Island State base ball league has been organized with teams from Wickford, Wakefield, East Greenwich, Fort Gieble, Fort Adams and Marines. A complete schedule has been adopted, opening April 25, and closing September 19.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas E. Hunt have been visiting in Providence and Lonsdale the past week.

Mrs. Louis A. Gladding is visiting relatives at Shelter Island, N. Y.

Malbone Lodge.

The regular meeting of Malbone Lodge, No. 93, N. E. O. P., was held on Thursday evening. Special invitations had been issued inviting members to make a special effort to be present and this resulted in many members visiting the lodge who had not attended for a long time. The regular business was in order, followed by initiation. The secretary of the lodge, Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, then read the following communication:

BOSTON, Mass., April 13, 1908.

To all the Grand and Subordinate Lodges of the New England Order of Protection.

GREETING:

The great calamity that has befallen the City of Chelsea has undoubtedly afflicted many of the members of our Order.

Alpha Lodge, No. 1, and Chelsea Lodge, No. 201, have lost their Lodge rooms, and undoubtedly many of their members are sorely afflicted.

We appeal to every Lodge in our Order to appropriate such sums as they can, in order that we may alleviate as far as possible the suffering of our Brothers and Sisters in their great affliction.

At this writing I am unable to state how many, if any, are destitute.

The following have consented to act as a Committee in the distribution of any funds you may see fit to contribute, and a full account of receipts and disbursements will be furnished all contributing to the fund.

FRANK A. RICE,
Supreme Vice Warden.
D. M. FRYE,
Supreme Secretary.
HERBERT M. SHAW,
Grand Warden of Massachusetts.
A. M. WILLIS,
Grand Vice Warden of Massachusetts.
G. S. NEWHALL,
Grand Treasurer of Massachusetts.

After the reading of this communication, Malbone Lodge voted to contribute her share to the relief of the Chelsea sufferers. The Order has two lodges in Chelsea, Alpha Lodge, No. 1, and Chelsea Lodge, No. 201. Since the above communication was received it has been learned that out of these two lodges there are over 60 families who are left destitute.

At the close of the meeting a bean bag game was in order, which afforded much enjoyment. There were two first prizes and these were won by Mrs. Etta A. MacDonald and Mr. John Greenfelder. Mr. William D. Tew was awarded the "gentlemen's consolation," but there was a tie for this prize for the ladies between Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell and Mrs. William D. Tew and these two ladies were obliged to make a second attempt at throwing the bags, which resulted in Mrs. Tew making the highest score and Mrs. Campbell capturing the prize.

The members then repaired to the ante-room, where ice cream and cake were served and a social hour spent.

A whist will be given at the next meeting, on Thursday, May 7th.

Wedding Bells.

Harvey-Barlow.

Miss Irene Lewis Barlow, daughter of Mr. Lewis A. Barlow, was married to Mr. Sydney DeBlois Harvey, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Therien, on Hawthorne street, Wednesday evening. The ceremony, which was witnessed only by relatives and a few intimate friends, was performed by Rev. Oscar F. Moore, curate of Emmanuel Church. The bride, who was given away by her father, was most becomingly gowned in a dress of white point d'esprit over white satin, with a long tulle veil caught up with sprays of lilies of the valley. She carried a shower bouquet of Bride roses. Miss Edith Hodgson acted as maid of honor, wearing a dress of pink chiffon over pink silk. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. Everett S. Greason and the ushers were Messrs. William R. Harvey, brother of the groom, and Edward A. Sherman. Mr. H. Wood Thompson, organist of the First Presbyterian church, rendered Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Immediately following the ceremony a largely attended reception was held, where congratulations were extended to the newly-wedded couple, who were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Therien. A supper was served, followed by dancing, music being furnished by Good's orchestra.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts. Both are popular in Newport, the bride having been in the employ of the Telephone Company, as supervisor, for many years, and the groom being clerk of the Superior Court.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey left via the Fall River Line, and are spending their honeymoon in New York and Albany.

Newport Aerie of Eagles will hold a memorial service on Sunday, May 3. The principal speaker will be Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Drexel will spend the summer abroad.

THE MYSTERY

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE
And SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUTWARDLY the book recorded ill with its surroundings. In that place of desolation and death it typified the petty neatness of office processes. Properly placed it should have been found on a desk, with pens, rulers and other paraphernalia forming exact angles or parallels to it. It was a quarto, bound in marbled paper, with black leather over the hinges. No external label suggested its ownership or uses, but through one corner, blackened and formidable in its contrast to the peaceful purposes of the volume, a hole had been bored. The agency of perforation was obvious. A bullet had made it.

"Seen something of life, I reckon," said Trendon as the captain turned the volume about slowly in his hands.

"And of death," returned Captain Parkinson solemnly. "Do you know, Trendon, I almost dread to open this?"

"Pshaw!" returned the other. "What's it to us?"

He threw the cover back. Neatly lettered on the inside, in the fine and slightly angular writing characteristic of the Teutonic scholar, was the legend, "Karl Augustus Schermerhorn, 2140½ Spruce street, Philadelphia, Pa."

The opposite page was blank. Captain Parkinson turned half a dozen leaves.

"German!" he cried in a note of disappointment. "Can you read German script?"

"After a fashion," replied the other. "Let's see. Es wonnte seehs—und—dreissig unterjacke," he said. "Why, I blast it, was the man running a haberdashery? What has a dozen undershirts to do with this?"

"A memorandum for outfitting probably," suggested the captain. "Try here."

"Chemical formulae," said Trendon. "Pages of 'em. The devil! Can't make a thing of it."

"Well, here's something in English."

"Good," said the other. "By combining the hypersulphate of iridium with the fumes arising from oxide of copper heated to 1000 C. and combining with picric acid in the proportions described in formula x 18, a reaction, the nature of which I have not fully determined, follows. This must be performed with extreme care owing to the unstable nature of the benzene compounds."

"Picric acid? Benzene compounds? Those are high explosives," said Captain Parkinson. "We should have Barnett go over this."

"Here's a name under the formula—Dr. A. Mardenter, Ann Arbor, Mich. That explains its being in English. Probably copied from a letter."

"This must have been one of the experiments in the valley that Slade told us of," said the captain thoughtfully.

"Why, see here," he cried, with something like exultation, "that's what Dr. Schermerhorn was doing here. He has the clew to some explosive so terrific that he goes far out of the world to experiment with its manufacture. For companions he chooses a gang of cutthroats that the world would never miss in case anything went wrong. Possibly it was some trial of the finished product that started the eruption even. Do you see?"

"Don't explain enough," grunted Trendon. "Deserted ship, Billy Edwards, mysterious lights, Slade and his story—any explosives in those? Good enough far as it goes. Don't go far enough."

"It certainly leaves gaps," admitted the other.

He turned over a few more pages.

"Formulae, formulae, formulae. What's this? Here are some marginal annotations."

"Unbehaglich," read Trendon. "Let's see, that means 'highly unsatisfactory,' or words to that effect. Hi! Here's where the old man loses his temper. Listen! 'May the devil take Carroll and Crum for careless'—h'm—well, 'pig dogs.' Now, where do Carroll and Crum come in?"

"They're a firm of analytical chemists in Washington," said the captain. "When I was on the ordnance board I used to get their circulars."

"Fits in. What? More English? Worse than the German this is."

The writing, beginning evenly enough at the top of a page, ran along for a line or two, then fell, sprawling in huge, ragged characters the full length. Trendon stumbled among them indignantly.

"'June 1, 1901,' he read. 'It is done. Triumph (German word.) Eureka. Es ist gefullt. From the (can't make out that word) of the inspiration—God-like power—solution of the world problems.' Why, the old fool is crazy! And his writing is crazier. Can't make head or tail of it."

The captain turned several more pages. They were blank. "At any rate, it seems to be the end," he said.

"I should hope so," returned the other disgustedly.

He took the book on his knees, fluttering the leaves between thumb and forefinger. Suddenly he checked, cast back and threw the book wide open.

"Here beginneth a new chapter," said he quietly.

No imaginable chirography could have struck the eye with more of contrast to the professor's small and nervous hand. Large, rounded and rambling, it filled the page with few and careless words.

"June 2, 1904.—On this date I find myself sole occupant and absolute monarch of this valuable island. This morning I was a member of a community, interesting if not precisely peaceful. Tonight I am the last leaf. 'All his lovely companions are faded and gone,' the sprightly Solomon, the psychic nigger, the amiable Thracikles, the cheerful Perdusa, the genial Pulx and the high minded Eneon. Undoubtedly some one of them is the cause of this catastrophe, moreover, I am for the first time in my life a landed proprietor. Item, several square miles of glass land; item, several dozen head of sheep; item, a cove full of fish; item, a handsomely decorated cave; item, a sportive though somewhat unruly volcano. At times, it may be, I shall feel the lack of company. The sea gulls alone are not distrustful of me. Undoubtedly the sea gull is an estimable creature, but he leaves something to be desired in the way of companionship; hence this diary, the inevitable refuge of the empty minded. Materially I shall do well enough, though I face one tragic circumstance. My cigarette material, I find, is short. Upon counting up—

"Hang my cigarettes!" cried the surgeon. "This must be Darrow. Finicky beast! Let's see if it's signed."

He whirled the leaves over to the last sheet, glanced at it and sprang to his feet. There, sprawled in tremulous characters, as by a hand shaken with agony or terror, was written:

Look for me in the cave.
PERCY DARROW.

The bullet hole in the corner furnished a sinister period to the signature.

Trendon handed the ledger back to the captain, who took one quick look, closed it and handed it to Congdon.

"Wrap that up and carry it carefully," he said.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the cockswain, swathing it in his jacket and tucking it under his arm.

"Now to find that cave," said Captain Parkinson to the surgeon.

"The cave in the cliff, of course," said Trendon. "Noticed it coming in, you know."

"Where?"

"On the north shore, about a mile to the east of here."

"Then we'll cut directly across."

"Beg your pardon, sir," put in Congdon, "but I don't think we can make it from this side, sir."

"Why not?"

"No beach, sir, and the cliff's like the side of a ship. Looks to be deep water right into the cave's mouth."

"Back to the boat, then. Bring that flag along."

The descent was swift, at times reckless, but the party embarked without accident. Soon they were forging through the water at racing speed, the boat leaping to the impulsion of the sailorman's strongest motives, curiosity and the hope of saving a life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WITHIN half an hour the gig had reached the mouth of the cave. As the cockswain had predicted, the seas ran into the lofty entrance. Elsewhere the surf fell whitely, but through the arch the waves rolled unbroken into a heavy stillness. Only as the boat hovered for a moment at the face of the cliff could the exploring party hear, far within, the hollow boom that told of breakers on a distant subterranean beach.

"Run her in easy," came the captain's order. "Keep a sharp lookout for hidden rocks."

To the whispering plash of the oars they moved from sunlight into twilight, from twilight into darkness. Of a sudden the oars jerked convulsively. A great roar had broken upon the ears of the sailors. The invisible roof above them, the water heaving beneath them, the walls that hemmed them in, called with a multiplication of resonance upon the name of Darrow. The boat quivered with the start of its occupants. Then one or two laughed weakly as they realized that what they had heard was no supernatural voice. It was the captain hailing for the marooned man.

No vocal answer came, but an indeterminable space away they could hear a low splash, followed by a second and a third. Something coughed weakly in front and to the right. Trendon's hand went to his revolver. The men sat stiffened. One of them swore in a whisper.

"Silence in the boat," said the captain in such buoyant tones that the men braced themselves against the expected peril.

"Light the lantern and pass it to me," came the order. "Keep below the gunwale, men."

As the match spluttered, "Do you see something a few rods to port?" asked the captain in Trendon's ear.

"Pair of green lights," said Trendon. "Eyes. Seals!"

"Seals! Seals! Seals!" shouted the walls, for the surgeon had suddenly released his voice. And as the mockery boomed the green lights disappeared, and there was more splashing from the distance. The crew sat up again.

The lantern spread its radiance. It was reflected from battlements of fairy beauty. Everywhere the walls were set, as with gems, in broad wales of varied and vivid hues. Dazzled at first, the explorers soon were able to discern the general nature of the subterranean world which they had entered. In most places the walls rose sheer and unscalable from the water. In others turreted rocks thrust their gleaming crags upward. Over to starboard a little beach shone with Quaker grayness in that spectacular display. The end of the cavern was still beyond the area of light.

"Must have been a swimmer to get in here," commented Trendon, glancing at the walls.

"Unless he had a boat," said the captain. "But why doesn't he answer?"

"Better try again. No telling how much more there is of this."

The surgeon raised his ponderous bellow, and the cave roared again with the summons. Silence, formidable and unbroken, succeeded.

"House to house search is now in order," he said. "Must be in here somewhere unless the seals got him."

Cautiously the boat moved forward. Once she grazed on a half submerged rock. Again a tiny islet loomed before her. Scattered bones glistened on the rocky shore, but they were not human relics. Occasionally beaches tempted a landing, but all of these led back to precipitous cliffs except one, from the side of which opened two small caves. Into the first the lantern cast its glare, revealing emptiness, for the arch was wide and the cave shallow. The entrance to the other was so narrow as to send a visitor to his knees. But inside it seemed to open out. Moreover, there were fish bones at the entrance. The captain, the surgeon and Congdon, the cockswain, landed. Captain Parkinson reached the spot first. Stooping, he thrust his head in at the orifice. A sharp exclamation broke from him. He rose to his feet, turning a contorted face to the others.

"Poisonous," he cried.

"More volcano," said Trendon. He bent to the black hole and sniffed cautiously.

"I'll go in, sir," volunteered Congdon. "I've had fire practice."

"My business!" said Trendon briefly. "Decomposition; unpleasant, but not dangerous."

Pushing the lantern before him, he worked his way until the light was blotted out. Presently it shone forth from the tunnel, showing that the explorer had reached the inner open space. Captain Parkinson dropped down and peered in, but the evil odor was too much for him. He retired, gagging and coughing. Trendon was gone for what seemed an interminable time. His superior officer fidgeted uneasily. At last he could stand it no longer.

"Dr. Trendon, are you all right?" he shouted.

"Yup," answered a choked voice. "Cubbing out dow."

Again the tunnel was darkened. A pair of feet appeared, then the surgeon's clunky trunk, his head and the lantern. Once, twice and thrice he inhaled deeply.

"Phew!" he gasped. "Thought I was tough, but phee-ee-ee-ew!"

"Did you find"—

"No, sir. Not Darrow. Only a poor devil of a seal that crawled in there to die."

The exploration continued. Half a mile, as they estimated, from the open they reached a narrow beach shut off by a perpendicular wall of rock. Skirting this, they returned on the other side, minutely examining every possible crevice. When they again reached the light of day they had arrived at the certain conclusion that no living man was within those walls.

"Would a corpse rise to the surface soon in waters such as these, Dr. Trendon?" asked the captain.

"Might, sir. Might not. No telling that."

The captain ruminated. Then he beat his fist on his knee.

"The other cave!"

"What other cave?" asked the surgeon.

"The cave where they killed the seals."

"Surely!" exclaimed Trendon. "Wait, though. Didn't Slade say it was between here and the point?"

"Yes. Beyond the small beach."

"No cave there," declared the surgeon positively.

"There must be. Congdon, did you see an opening anywhere in the cliff as we came along?"

"No, sir. This is the only one, sir."

"We'll see about that," said the captain grimly. "Head her about. Skirt the shore as near the breakers as you safely can."

The gig retraced its journey.

"There's the beach, as Slade described it," said Captain Parkinson as they came abreast of the little reach of sand.

"And what are those two bird roosts on it?" asked Trendon. "See 'em? Dead against that patch of shore weed."

"Bits of wreckage fixed in the sand."

"Don't think so, sir. Too well matched."

"We have no time to settle the matter now," said the captain impatiently. "We must find that cave if it is to be found."

Hovering just outside the final drag of the surf, under the skillful guidance of Congdon, the boat moved slowly along the line of beach to the line of cliff. All was open as the day. The blazing sun picked out each detail of jut and hollow. Evidently the poisonous vapors from the volcano had not spread their blight here, for the face of the precipice was bright with many flowers. So close in moved the boat that its occupants could even see butterflies fluttering above the bloom. But that which their eager eyes sought was still denied them. No opening offered in that smiling cliffside. Not by so much as would admit a terrier did the mass of rock and rubble gape.

"And Slade described the cave as big enough to ram the Wolverine into," muttered Trendon.

Up to the point of the headland and back passed the boat. Blank disappointment was the result.

"What is your opinion now, Dr. Trendon?" asked the captain of the older man.

"Don't know, sir," answered the surgeon hopelessly. "Looks as if the cave might have been a hallucination."

"I shall have something to say to Mr. Slade on our return," said the captain crisply. "If the cave was a hallucination, as you suggest, the seal murder was fiction."

"Looks so," agreed the other.

"And the murder of the captain. How about that?"

"And the mutiny of the men," added the surgeon.

"And the killing of the doctor. Your patient seems to be a romantic genius."

"And the escape of Darrow. Hold hard," quoth Trendon. "Darrow's no romance. Nothing fictional about the flag and ledger."

"True enough," said the captain and fell to consideration.

"Anyway," said Trendon vigorously, "I'd like to have a look at those bird roosts. Mighty like sign posts to my mind."

"Very well," said the captain. "It'll cost us only a wetting. Run her in, Congdon."

With all the cockswain's skill and the oarsmen's technique, the passage of the surf was a lively one, and little driblets of water marked the trail of the officers as they shuffled up the beach.

The two slabs stood less than fifty yards beyond high water tide. Nearing them, the visitors saw that each marked a mound, but not until they were close up could they read the neat carving on the first. It ran as follows:

Here lies
SOLOMON ANDERSON
alias
HANDY SOLOMON
who murdered his employer, his captain and his shipmates and was found dead of his deserts on these shores, June 5, 1901.
This slab is erected as a memento of abiding esteem
by
the last of his victims.

"And you can kiss the book on that."

"Percy Darrow fecit," said the surgeon. "You can kiss the book on that too."

"Then Slade was telling the truth!"

"Apparently. Seems good corroboration."

The captain turned to the other mound. His slab was carved by the same hand.

Sacred to the memory of an ensign of the United States navy, whose body, washed upon this coast, is here buried

"Billy Edwards," said the captain.

with all reverence, by strange hands; whose soul may God rest. "The seas shall sing his requiem." June the sixth, MXMIV.

"Billy Edwards," said the captain, very low.

He uncovered. The surgeon did likewise. So for a space they stood with bared heads between the twin graves.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE surgeon spoke first.

"Another point," said he. "Darrow was alive within a few days."

Captain Parkinson turned slowly away from the grave: "You are right," he said, with an effort. "Our business is with the living now. The dead must wait."

"Hide and seek," growled Trendon. "If he's here why don't he show himself?"

The other shook his head.

"Place is all trampled up with footprints," said Trendon. "He's plodded back and forth like a prisoner in a cell."

"The ledger," said the captain. "I'd forgotten it. That grave drove everything else out of my mind."

"Bring the book here," called Trendon.

Congdon unwrapped it from his jacket and handed it to him. The sailors cast curious glances at the two headstones.

"Mount guard over Mr. Edwards' grave," commanded the captain.

The cockswain saluted and gave an order. One of the sailors stepped forward to the first mound.

"Not that one," rasped the officer, "the other."

The man saluted and moved on.

"With your permission, sir," said Trendon.

On a nod from his superior officer he opened the ledger and took up Darrow's record.

"Here it is. Entry of June 3."

"Everything lovely. Schooner lost to sight. Query—to memory dear? Not exactly. Though I shouldn't mind having her under orders for a few days. Queer glow in the sky last night; if they've been investigating, they may have got what's coming to them. Volcano exhibiting fits of temper. Spouted out considerable fire about 9 o'clock. Quite spectacular, but no harm done. Can foresee short rations of tobacco. Lava in valley still too hot for comfort. No sign of Dr. Schermerhorn. Still sleep on beach."

"Not much there," sniffed Trendon.

"Go on," said the captain.

"June 3. Evening.—Thick and squally weather again. Local atmospheric conditions seem upset. Volcano still leading strenuous life. Climbed the headland this afternoon. Wind very shifty. Got an occasional whiff of volcanic output. One in particular would have sent a skunk to the camphor bottle. No living on the headland. Will explore cave tomorrow with a view to domicile. Have come down to an allowance of seven cigarettes per diem.

"June 4.—Explored cave today. Full of dead seals. Not only dead, but all bitten and cut to pieces. Must have been lively doings in Seal Town. Not much choice between air in the cave and vapors from the volcano. Barring seals, everything suitable for light housekeeping, such as mine. Undertook to clean house. Dragged late lamented out into the water. Some sank and were swept away by the sea puss. Others, I regret to say, floated. Found trickle of fresh water in depth of cave and little sand ledge to sleep on. So far, so good; we may be happy yet. If only I had my cigarette supply. Once heard a botanist say that leaves of the white shore willow made fair substitute for tobacco. Fair substitute for nux vomica! Would like to interview said botanist.

"The fellow is a tobacco maniac," growled Trendon, feeling in his breast pocket. "The devil!" he cried, bringing forth an empty hand.

Silently the captain handed him a cigar. "Thank you, sir," he said, lighted it and continued reading:

"June 5.—Had a caller today. Climbed the headland this morning. Found volcano taking a day off. Looking for sign of Laughing Lass, noticed something heliographing to me from the waves beyond the reef. Seemed to be metal. I guessed a tin can. Caught in the swirl, it rounded the cape, and I came down to the shore to meet it. Halfway down the cliff I had a better view. I saw it was not a tin can. There was a dark body under it, which the waves were tossing about, and as the metal moved with the body it glinted in the sun. Suddenly it was borne in upon me that an arm was doing the signaling, waving to me with a sprightly, even a jocular, friendliness. Then I saw what it really was. It was Handy Solomon and his steel hook. He was riding quite high. Every now and again he would bow and wave. He grounded gently on the sand beach. I planted him promptly. First, however, I removed a bag of tobacco from his pocket. Poor stuff and water soaked, but still tobacco. Spent a quiet afternoon carving a headstone for the dear departed. Pity it were that virtues so shining should be unadvertised. Idle as the speculation is, I wonder who my next visitor will be. Thankless, I hope. Evidently some of them have been playing the part of Pandora. Spent last night in the cave. Air quite fresh.

"June 6.—Saw the glow again last night."

The surgeon paused in his reading. "That would be the night of the 5th, the night before we picked her up empty."

"Yes," agreed Captain Parkinson. "That was the night Billy Edwards—Go on."

"Saw the glow again last night. Don't understand it. Once should have been enough for them. This matter of hoarding tobacco may be a sad error. If Old Spitfire keeps on the way she has today, I shan't need much more. It would be a raw jest to be burned or swallowed up with a month's supply of unsmoked cigarettes on one. Cave getting shaky. Still, I think I'll stick there. As between being burned alive and buried alive, I'm for the respectable and time honored fashion of interment. Bombardment was mostly to the east today, but no telling when it may shift.

"June 7.—This morning I found a body rolling in the surf. It was the body of a young man, large and strongly built, dressed in the uniform of an ensign of our navy. Surely a strange visitor to these shores! There was no mark of identification upon him except a cigarette case graven with an undecipherable monogram in Tiffany's most illegible style of arrowheaded inscription. This I buried with him and staked the grave with a headboard. An officer and a gentleman, a youth of friendly ways and kindly living, if one may judge by the face of the dead, and he comes by the same end to the same goal as Handy Solomon. Why not? And why should one philosophize in a book that will never be read? Hold on! Perhaps—just perhaps—it may be read. The officer was not long dead. Ensigns of the United States navy do not wander about untraversed waters alone. There must be a warship somewhere in the vicinity. But why, then, an unburied officer floating on the ocean? I will smoke upon this luxuriously and plentifully. (Later.) No use. I can't solve it. But one thing I do. I put up a signal pole on the headland and cache this record under it this afternoon. From day to day, with the kindly permission of the volcano, I will add to it. Bad doings by Old Spitfire. The cloud is coming down on me. Also seems to be moving along the cliff. I will retire hastily to my private estate in the cave.

"That's all, except the scrawl on the last page," said Trendon. "Some action of the volcano scared him off. He had just time to scrawl that last message and drop the book into the cache. The question is, Did he get back alive?"

"Slade is the solution," said the captain. "We must ask him."

They put back to the ship. Barnett was anxiously awaiting them.

"Your patient has been in a bad way, Dr. Trendon," he said.

"What's wrong?" asked Trendon, frowning.

"He came up on deck; wild eyed and staggering. There was a sheet of paper in his hand which seemed to have some bearing on his trouble. When he found you had gone to the island without him he began to rage like a maniac. I had to have him carried down by force. In the rumpus the paper disappeared. I assumed the responsibility of giving him an opiate."

"Quite right," approved Trendon. "I'll go down. Will you come with me, sir?" he said to the captain.

They found Slade in profound slumber.

"Won't do to wake him now," growled Trendon. "Hello, what's here?"

Lying in the hollow of the sick man's right hand, where it had been crushed to a ball, was a crumpled mass of tracing paper. Trendon smoothed it out, peered at it and passed it to the captain.

"It's a sketch of an Indian arrowhead," he exclaimed in surprise at the first glance. "What are all these marks?"

"Map of the island," barked Trendon. "Look here."

The drawing was a fairly careful one, showing such geographical points as had been of concern to the two year inhabitants. There was the large cavern, indicated as they had found it, and at a point between it and the headland the legend, "Seal Cave."

"But it's wrong," cried Captain Parkinson, setting finger to the spot. "We passed there twice. There's no opening."

"No guarantee that there may not have been," returned the other. "This island has been considerably shaken up lately. Entrance may have been closed by a landslide down the cliff. Noticed signs myself, but didn't think of it in connection with the cave."

"That's work for Barnett, then," said the captain, brightening. "We'll blow up the whole face of the cliff if necessary, but we'll get at that cave."

He hurried out. Order followed order, and soon the gig, with the captain, Trendon and the torpedo expert, was driving for the point marked "Seal Cave" on the map over which they were bent.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"YOU say the last entry is June 7?" asked Barnett as the boat entered the light surf.

Trendon nodded.

"That was the night we saw the last glow and the big burst from the volcano, wasn't it?"

"Right."

"The island would have been badly shaken up."

"Not so violently but that the flagpole stood," said the captain.

"That's true, sir. But there's been a good deal of volcanic gas going. The man's been penned up for four days."

"Give the fellow a chance," growled Trendon. "Air may be all right in the cave. Good water there too. Says so himself. By Slade's account he's a pretty capable citizen when it comes to looking after himself. Wouldn't wonder if we'd find him fit as a fiddle."

"There was no clew to Ives and Mc-

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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THE MYSTERY

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

Guley?" asked Barnett presently.

"None." It was the captain who answered.

The gig grated, and, the tide being high, they waded to the base of the cliff, Barnett carrying his precious explosives aloft in his arms.

"Here's the spot," said the captain. "See where the water goes in through those crevices."

"Opening at the top, too," said Trendon.

He let out his bellow, roaring Darrow's name.

"I doubt if you could project your voice far into a cave thus blocked," said Captain Parkinson. "We'll try this."

He drew his revolver and fired. The men listened at the crevices of the rock. No sound came from within.

"Your enterprise, Mr. Barnett," said the commander, with a gesture which turned over the conduct of the affair to the torpedo expert.

Barnett examined the rocks with enthusiasm.

"Looks like moderately easy stuff," he observed. "See how the veins run. You could almost blow a design to order in that."

"Yes, but how about bringing down the whole cave?"

"Oh, of course there's always an element of uncertainty when you're dealing with high explosives," admitted the expert. "But unless I'm mistaken we can chop this out as neat as with an ax."

Dropping his load of cartridges carelessly upon a flat rock which projected from the water, he busied himself in a search along the face of the cliff. Presently, with an "Ah!" of satisfaction, he climbed toward a hand's breadth of platform where grew a patch of purple flowers.

"Throw me up a knife, somebody," he called.

"Take notice," said Trendon good naturedly, "that I'm the botanist of this expedition."

"Oh, you can have the flowers! All I want is what they grow in."

Loosening a handful of the dry soil, he brought it down and laid it with the explosives. Next he called one of the sailors to "boost" him and was soon perched on the flat slant of a huge rock which formed, as it were, the keystone to the blockade.

"Let's see," he ruminated. "We want a slow charge for this, one that will exert a widespread pressure without much shattering force; the No. 3, I think."

"How is that, Mr. Barnett?" asked the captain, with lively interest.

"You see, sir," returned the demonstrator, perched high like a sculptor at work on some heroic masterpiece, "what we want is to split off this rock." He patted the flank of the huge slab. "There's a lovely vein running at an angle inward from where I sit. Split that through, and the rock should roll of its own weight away from the entrance. It's held only by the upper projection that runs under the arch here."

"Neat programme," commented Trendon, with sardonic skepticism.

"Wait and see," retorted Barnett blithely, for he was in his element now. "I'll appoint you my assistant. Just toss me up that cartridge, the third one on the left."

The surgeon recoiled.

"Supposing you don't catch it?"

"Well, supposing I don't?"

"It's dynamite, isn't it?"

"Something of the same nature. Joveite, it's called."

Still the surgeon stared at him. Barnett laughed.

"Oh, you've got the high explosives superstition," he said lightly. "Dynamite don't go off as easy as people think. You could drop that stuff from the cliff head without danger. Have I got to come down for it?"

With a wry face Trendon tossed up the package. It was deftly caught.

"Now wet that dirt well. Put it in the canvas bag yonder and send one of the men up with it. I'm going to make a mud pie."

Breaking the package open, he spread the yellow powder in a slightly curving line along the rock. With the mud he capped this over, forming a little arched roof.

"To keep it from blowing away," surmised Trendon.

"No. To make it blow down instead of blowing up."

"Oh, rot!" returned the downright surgeon. "That pound of dirt won't make a shadow of a feather's difference."

"Won't it!" retorted the other. "Curious thing about high explosives. A mud cap will hold down the force as well as a ton of rock. Wait and see what happens to the rock beneath."

He slid off his perch into the ankle deep water and waded out to the boat. Here he burrowed for a moment, presently emerging with a box. This he carried gingerly to a convenient rock and opened. First he lifted out some soft padding. A small tin box honeycombed inside came to light. With infinite precaution Barnett picked out an object that looked like a 22 caliber short cartridge, wadded some cotton batten in his hand, set the thing in the wadding, laid it on the rock, carefully returned the small box to the large box and the large box to the boat, took up the cartridge again and waded back to the cliff. They watched him in silence.

"This is the little devil," he said, indicating his delicate burden. "Fulminate of mercury. This is the stuff that'll remove your hand with neatness and dispatch. It's the quickest tempered little article in the business. Just give it one hard look and it's off."

"Here," said Trendon, "I resign. From now on I'm a spectator."

Barnett swung the fulminate in his handkerchief and gave it to a sailor to hold. The man dandled it like a newborn infant. Back to his rock went Barnett. Producing some cord he let down an end.

"Tie the handkerchief on and get out of the way," he directed.

With painful slowness the man carried out the first part of the order. The latter half he obeyed with sprightly alacrity. Very slowly, very delicately, the expert drew in his dangerous burden. Once a current of air puffed it against the face of the rock, and the operator's head was hastily withdrawn. Nothing happened. Another

"Get out of the way," directed Barnett.

minute and he had the tiny shell in hand. A fuse was fixed to it and it was shoved under the mud cap. Barnett stood up.

"Will you kindly order the boat ready, Captain Parkinson?" he called.

The order was given.

"As soon as I light the fuse I will come down and we'll pull out fifty yards. Leave the rest of the Joveite where it is. All ready? Here goes."

He touched a match to the fuse. It caught. For a moment he watched it.

"Going all right," he reported as he struck the water. "Plenty of time."

Some seventy yards out they rested on their oars. They waited and waited and waited.

"It's out," grunted Trendon.

From the face of the cliff puffed a cloud of dust. A thudding report boomed over the water. Just a wisp of whitish gray smoke arose, and beneath it the great rock with a gaping seam across its top rolled majestically outward, sending a shower of spray on all sides and opening to their eager view a black chasm into the heart of the headland. The experiment had worked out with the accuracy of a geometric problem.

"That's all, sir," Barnett reported officially.

"Magic! Modern magic!" said the captain. He stared at the open door. For the moment the object of the undertaking was forgotten in the wonder of its exact accomplishment.

"Darrow'll think an earthquake's come after him," remarked Trendon.

"Give way," ordered the captain.

The boat grated on the sand. Captain Parkinson would have entered, but Barnett restrained him.

"It's best to wait a minute or two," he advised. "Occasionally slides follow an explosion tardily, and the gases don't always dissipate quickly."

Where they stood they could see but a short way into the cave. Trendon squatted and funneled his hands to one eye.

"There's a fire inside," he said.

In a moment they all saw it, a single pin point glow far back in the blackness, a cyclopean eye that swayed as it approached. Alternately it waned and brightened. Suddenly it illuminated the dim lineaments of a face. The face neared them. It joined itself to reality by a very solid pair of shoulders, and a man sauntered into the twilit mouth of the cavern, removed a cigarette from his lips and gave them greeting.

"Sorry not to have met you at the door," he said courteously. "It was you that knocked, was it not? Yes? It roused me from my siesta."

They stared at him in silence. He blinked in the light with unaccustomed eyes.

"You will pardon me for not asking you in at once. Past circumstances have rendered me—well—perhaps suspicious is not too strong a word."

They noticed that he held a revolver in his hand.

Captain Parkinson came forward a step. The host half raised his weapon. Then he dropped it abruptly.

"Navy men!" he said in an altered voice. "I beg your pardon. I could not see at first. My name is Percy Darrow."

"I am Captain Parkinson of the United States cruiser Wolverine," said the commander. "This is Mr. Barnett, Mr. Darrow. Dr. Trendon, Mr. Darrow."

They shook hands all around.

"Like some silly afternoon tea," Trendon said later in retailing it to the mess. A pause followed.

"Won't you step in, gentlemen?" said Darrow. "May I offer you the makings of a cigarette?"

"Wouldn't you be robbing yourself?" inquired the captain, with a twinkle.

"Oh, you found the diary, then?" said Darrow easily. "Rather silly of me to complain so. But really in conditions like these tobacco becomes a serious problem."

"So one might imagine," said Trendon drily. He looked closely at Darrow. The man's eyes were light and dancing. From the nostrils two livid lines ran diagonally. Such lines one might make with a hard blue pencil pressed strongly into the flesh. The surgeon moved a little nearer.

"Can you give me any news of my friend Thrackles?" asked Darrow lightly. "Or the esteemed Pulz? Or the scholarly and urbane Robinson of Ethiopian extraction?"

"Dead," said the captain.

"Ah, a pity!" said the other. He put his hand to his forehead. "I had thought it probable." His face twitched. "Dead? Very good. In fact—really—er—amusing."

He began to laugh, quite to himself. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Trendon caught and shook him by the shoulder.

"Drop it!" he said.

Darrow seemed not to hear him. "Dead! All dead!" he repeated. "And I've outlasted 'em! I've outlasted 'em."

And his mirth broke forth in a strangely shocking spasm.

Trendon lifted a hand and struck him so powerfully between the shoulder blades that he all but plunged forward on his face.

"Quit it!" he ordered again. "Get hold of yourself!"

Darrow turned and gripped him. The surgeon winced with the pain of the grasp. "I can't," gasped the marooner, between paroxysms. "I've been living in hell—a black, shaking, shivering hell, for God knows how long! What do you know? Have you ever been buried alive?" And again the agony of laughter shook him.

"This, then," muttered the doctor, and the hypodermic needle shot home.

During the return Darrow lay like a log in the bottom of the gig. The opiate had done its work. Consciousness was mercifully dead within him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BOOK BORROWER.

How Collectors Have Circumvented a Wicked Type.

The book borrower is the sworn foe of the book collector, and many stories are told of the plans adopted by the latter to defend his treasures from the assaults of the borrower. Especially is the collector opposed to the unfeeling wretch who borrows one volume out of a series and forgets to return it. This was one of Coleridge's weaknesses and was so pronounced that Lamb described him as "a maker of odd volumes." The late J. Whitefoord MacKenzie, a well known collector, once told the present writer that when any one asked him for the loan of a single volume out of a set he always replied that he would rather lend him the whole ten, fifteen or twenty volumes of the series than have them left as odd volumes on his hands. William Roberts, the renowned bibliophile, tells in "The Book Hunter In London" that the bookplate of a certain French collector bore this text from the parable of the ten virgins: "Go rather to them that sell and buy for yourselves." "Sir," said a man of wit to an acquaintance who lamented the difficulty which he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes that he had lent them—"sir, your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves than what is contained in them."

An ingenious plan to limit book borrowing is told by J. Ashby Sterry. In all the books of a certain cunning book collector he had the price written in plain figures. When any one asked him for the loan of a book he invariably replied, "Yes, with pleasure," and, looking in the volume, further added, "I see the price of this work is £2 17s. 6d" (or whatever it might happen to be). "You may take it at this figure, which will, of course, be refunded when the volume is returned." Sir Walter Scott's plan was ingenious. When he lent a book from his library he put in its place a wooden block bearing the name of the borrower and the date of the loan. Many were the anathemas leveled by collectors against those who would borrow or steal their volumes. Sometimes these were macaronic rhymes written by students—as, for example, the following, which was inscribed upon a Latin book used in Aberdeen university:

> Si quisquis furetur
> This little Libellum
> Per Phoebum, per Jovem
> I'll kill him, I'll fell him;
> In ventrem illis
> I'll stick my scalpellum
> And teach him to steal
> My little Libellum.

In the library of a famous Glasgow collector there was recently the copy of Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" which belonged at one time to William Motherwell and in which the poet had inscribed the following verse:

> William Motherwell says the work is his.
> Who shall gainsay him?
> He that dares do it
> May the meikle deil flay him!

Even more violent denunciations were written against the book stealer in the sixteenth century, when books were more precious than now. Yet even the modern poet finds it needful to anathematize politely:

> To the lost books my fancy clings;
> O'er them my memory grovels.
> I swear in spirit when I see
> The gaps among the novels.
> The Thackeray I "loved and lost"
> I mourn with sorrow tender.
> Whoever has it also has
> The curses of the lender.

The lady (Bessie Craigmyle) who wrote these lines expresses her gratitude for the fact that "no one borrows poets," though that is not the opinion of Charles Sayle, who thus threatens the possible thief of "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche:"

> Cursed be he who robs me of this book,
> With all his race. Let it be desolate
> And brought alow if so be it was great,
> For that he wickedly, impiously took
> That was another's. Let great serpents took
> At him a-sleeping, with dull eyes of hate,
> And let him, waking, be compelled of fate
> To cast his corse within the nearest brook.

This is as comprehensive a curse as that which overtook the fated "Jackdaw of Rheims"—and as ineffectual.—Dundee Advertiser.

Optimism.

"Pa, do you know any optimists?"

"Yes. We have one in our office. Every time he draws his pay he thinks he is going to have several dollars left at the end of the week."—Chicago Record-Herald

A fool at forty will never be wise.—Irish Proverb.

Always Strong.

Church—They say the human voice is stronger in the morning than it is at night. Gotham—I can't see any difference in baby's.—Yonkers Statesman.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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Bryan's Eloquence.

William Jennings Bryan was addressing a political meeting in Iowa on one occasion when, it is said, he fairly carried away his audience by the power of his oratory. Among those most impressed by the Nebraskan's effort was a man known to be very deaf, but who nevertheless seemed to be listening with breathless attention to Bryan, and who apparently caught every word that fell from the speaker's lips.

Finally, when a particularly fervid passage had been delivered by the man from Nebraska, with the effect of eliciting a storm of applause from the audience, the deaf man, as if he could contain himself no longer, yelled in the ear of the man next to him:

"Who is that speakin'?"

"William Jennings Bryan!" shouted the man addressed.

"Who?" roared the deaf man, still louder.

"William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska!" came from the second man in a piercing shriek.

"Well, well!" exclaimed the deaf man, excitedly. "It don't make any difference, after all. I can't make out a word he or you are sayin.; but, good gracious, don't he do the motions splendid!"—April Lippincott's.

"Was your speech listened to with interest by your colleagues?" "My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "speeches are not made to be listened to by your colleagues. They are made to be read by your constituents."—Washington Star.

The Congressman (sternly)—You seem to forget, madam, that there is such a word as "obey" in a marriage contract.

The Congressman's Wife—Is there? Why, isn't it funny how "jokes" do creep into things!—Puck.

Proprietor—What sort of tenants do you prefer?

Lessee—Chess players, they move so seldom.

SEA AND LAND.

The Way They Meet and Clash and Finally Harmonize.

In "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlof by Velma Swanston Howard, is the following pretty description of how sea and land meet:

You see that sea and land can meet in many different ways. In many places the land comes down toward the sea with flat, tufted meadows, and the sea meets the land with flying sand, which piles up in mounds and drifts. It appears as though they both disliked each other so much that they only wished to show the poorest they possessed. But it can also happen that when the land comes toward the sea it raises a wall of hills in front of it, as though the sea were something dangerous. When the land does this, the sea comes up to it with fiery wrath and beats and roars and lashes against the rocks and looks as if it would tear the land hill to pieces.

But in Blekinge it is altogether different when sea and land meet. There the land breaks itself up into points and islands and islets, and the sea divides itself into fiords and bays and sounds, and it is perhaps this which makes it look as if they must meet in happiness and harmony.

Think now first and foremost of the sea! Far out it lies desolate and empty and big and has nothing else to do but to roll its gray billows. When it comes toward the land it happens across the first obstacle. This it immediately overpowers, tears away everything green and makes it as gray as itself. Then it meets still another obstacle. With this it does the same thing. And still another—yes, the same thing happens to this also. It is stripped and plundered as if it had fallen into robbers' hands. Then the obstacles come nearer and nearer together, and then the sea must understand that the land sends toward it her littlest children in order to move it to pity. It also becomes more friendly the farther in it comes, rolls its waves less high, moderates its storms, lets the green things stay in cracks and crevices, separates itself into small sounds and inlets and becomes at last so harmless in the land that little boats dare venture out upon it. It certainly cannot recognize itself, so mild and friendly has it grown.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A Display of Courtesy "In Memory of Old Virginia."

All the seats were taken in the car which I entered one morning in early April. An old colored man sat next the door. It is not often in these days that I see that type of black man. I used to see that kind on the old Virginia plantation, where he was "Ung Lige" or "Ung Sambo" to all the household.

His days were devoted to useful toil and his evenings to his banjo and the old plantation melodies that no one can ever sing again as musically as they were sung then.

"Take this seat, mistis," he said, rising promptly. "Mistis" sounded very "homey" and pleasant to me. It had been so long since I was "mistis" to anybody.

"Thank you, uncle," said I. "Keep your seat. I would just as lief stand."

"Scuse me, please, mistis, but 'tain't fitten fer you ter stan'; you mus' set," he admonished respectfully.

I took the seat, thanking him for his courtesy. Soon a departing passenger left a vacancy.

"There is a seat for you," I said to the old man.

"Between the ladies, ma'am?" He hesitated.

"Yes," I said.

He bowed apologetically to right and left and took the vacant place. Just before leaving the car I slipped a silver piece into his hand, saying, "Uncle, get you a nice luncheon with this—in memory of old Virginia."

"Thank you, my mistis," he said, opening his hand to look at the little gift and then closing it. I left the car with a sunnier feeling in my heart because of the chance meeting, but with no thought that I should ever again hear of my old Virginian.

That afternoon I received a bunch of arbutus which had been left for me by an old colored man—"for the tall lady with a long blue coat an' white hair—in memory of ole Virginia an' dem old time days."—Lippincott's Magazine.

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AGENTS WANTED to sell the Novels of PAUL DE KOCK. The *Outlook* says "he is one of the most amusing writers of the century;" and Bulwer wrote of him, "more racy and powerful than any other writer I am aware of." Pamphlet sent on request.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, April 18, 1908.

McCarren of Brooklyn has apparently been beaten by the Tammany organization in the State convention in New York but the doughty Senator intimates that he has not yet begun to fight. There is the making of a very pretty squabble among the New York State Democrats before the termination of the Presidential campaign.

Massachusetts has shown great pluck in caring for the homeless ones in Chelsea. The national government has been informed that no aid is required from outside the State, as yet. Massachusetts has always been prompt to respond to any call for assistance from her sister commonwealths or from a foreign nation, and if she herself should require aid it should be quickly forthcoming.

The terrible fire in Chelsea on Sunday last will rank as one of the great conflagrations of the world. The area of the burned district was large, the value of property destroyed was immense, and the number of lives that were lost will probably never be known exactly. However, the loss of life was by no means abnormal for so great a conflagration, as most of the people had ample warning to permit them to leave their homes before the flames caught them.

Roosevelt asked for four battleships to be authorized by the present Congress, but will not get more than two at the most. Congress this year has found it necessary to draw the line of expenditures very sharply in the interests of economy and in consequence many valuable accessions to the efficiency of the army and navy will be obliged to lapse until more presperous times come again. Many of the coast fortifications and other plans for new work are among those that have been cut out.

The city of Providence has saved $5000 by a streak of luck. At the time of the San Francisco disaster the city contributed $5000 to the relief of the destitute, sending the amount in the form of a check to the treasurer of the relief fund. In the excitement of the time the check was in some way lost, probably in the waste paper basket, and not being missed was never cashed. Consequently the amount has remained in the bank to the credit of the city and will be converted back into the regular funds.

The chief constructor of the French navy is quoted as saying that he is convinced that the battleship and armored cruiser must before long be merged into a single type, the battle cruiser. This resultant concentration of great attack and defense with extreme speed will, he believes, be found illustrated, say in 1915, in a vessel of 25,000 tons mounting a unit battery of high caliber guns and developing a speed of not less than twenty-two knots. The French constructor is also persuaded that any navy now bold enough to lay down battleships of 25,000 tons' displacement will by one stroke secure a tremendous advance over all its rivals, because a squadron of four such vessels will greatly outclass six battleships less effective in the energies that can be assembled.'

General Assembly.

Although there was no session of the Legislature on Friday this week, because of the religious significance of that day, much has been accomplished in the way of pushing along important matters during the past few days. The session is approaching its end and there is still much to be done, so the next few weeks will be very strenuous ones.

Both houses in concurrence have passed two bills asked for by the representative council of the city of Newport, one to regulate the drainage and plumbing of buildings, and the other to allow the city of Newport to hire $14,000 on negotiable notes for the Thames street pavement. The appointment of Michael A. McCormick of this city to be a member of the board of managers of the State Home and School has been confirmed by the Senate.

The House has passed the law for the regulation of automobiles, in the face of very violent opposition from the owners of cars. On the consideration of this bill party lines were broken. The House has also passed the act making an appropriation of $80,000 for State highways, of which amount $50,000 is for new roads and $30,000 is for repairs; also the act regarding the wearing of uniforms of the United States Army or Navy, and forbidding places of amusement from discriminating against the wearers. The House has also passed the acts increasing the salaries of the assistants in the offices of the clerk of the Superior Court for Newport County and of the clerk of the First Judicial District Court from $300 to $600 per year. The act relating to the sale of liquor has been passed by the House.

Mr. Thomas F. Martin has returned to Newport where he will spend the summer season.

Pleasant but Costly.

The original notion of Germany, that a squadron of the best German battleships and cruisers should meet our battleship fleet at some point in the Mediterranean Sea for a formal greeting, has given birth to a grandiose idea—apparently of spontaneous generation. This idea is that all the naval nations of Europe join together and make up a composite fleet, each nation being represented by crack vessels, and that this joint European fleet rendezvous off Alexandria at the time when our fleet emerges from the Suez Canal, and accompany our fleet as a guard of honor from the eastern to the western end of the Mediterranean, the ceremonies to end with a monster naval review off Gibraltar. The novelty and bigness of this idea make it attractive, but we are not quite sure that it can be carried into execution, says an Exchange.

In Europe, however, no doubt is expressed as to the feasibility of the plan. The assent of Great Britain is reckoned to be assured, and the newspapers of France and Italy have approved of the scheme. Austria and Russia will of course make no objection, unless on the ground that their naval contingents might be too small for their own dignity. Politically the Mediterranean is an open sea, but England, Italy and France in a certain practical sense regard it as their sea. If these three powers are willing to share in a joint European naval welcome to the American fleet this grandiose idea may ripen into a spectacle that would add to the romance of the Mediterranean Sea, and that would be an impressive piece of evidence as to the growth of solidarity among the maritime nations.

Meanwhile, and quite independent of this international guard of honor idea, England has offered to place her coaling and repair stations in the near East at the service of our fleet on its way home. She has gone further than this in hospitality, by asking that our fleet may be permitted to visit an English port; but assent to a formal visit to an English port would certainly bring similar invitations from other naval European countries, and it would be as embarrassing to accept all such invitations as it would be injudicious to accept some and decline others. It must be remembered that every one of these social calls involves more or less personal cost to the officers of our fleet. Our naval officers are ready enough to open their purses upon every occasion where propriety requires them "to keep their end up." They certainly cannot cross the Atlantic Ocean without passing Malta and Gibraltar; and there is too much hearty good will in the form of British sailors, at both the island and the rock, for our big ships to slip by without stopping to shake hands and to exchange wishes for good luck. It is too bad that the evident desire of all the naval men of Europe to greet our fleet cannot be gratified in an equally inevitable and simple manner.

Governor Pardons Brennan.

Governor Higgins has extended a free pardon to Joseph Brennan, and if the Senate concurs, as it no doubt will, he will be set free at once.

Brennan was sentenced in 1899, under the name of James Maxwell, alias "Milwaukee Red," for participation in the car barn robbery at Portsmouth. The five defendants were tried together, although Brennan asked for a separate trial on the ground that he was not "Milwaukee Red" and was not concerned in the robbery. After the trial had progressed for a time the defendants decided to withdraw their plea of not guilty and to plead guilty, which plea was accepted by the court and they were sentenced.

Ever since that time, Brennan has made repeated efforts to get a pardon, on the ground that he is not Maxwell and was not concerned in the robbery. His fellow prisoners have said that he was not guilty and that he was not the man he was alleged to be. It is said that former Chief of Police Benjamin H. Richards had reason to believe that Brennan's story was substantially correct and he submitted this information to Governor Garvin. Conclusive evidence has recently been produced to show that Brennan was at least the person that he claimed to be and that he had borne a good reputation in Brooklyn where he belonged. Under these circumstances Governor Higgins has seen fit to grant him a pardon.

The House of Representatives has passed by a large majority the bill providing for amendments to the liquor law. The principal differences from the present law are the limiting of the number of licenses to one to each 500 of population (which would allow Newport about 50 licenses), the regulation that there shall be no saloon within 200 feet of a school or church, and the closing of the saloons on Christmas Day, Labor Day and Election Day.

Mr. J. Powell Cozzens is enjoying a two weeks' vacation, which he is spending in Atlantic City and Washington.

Mr. David M. Coggeshall, who has been confined to his home on Ayrault street by illness, is able to be out.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Caswell have arrived at their summer house on Bull street.

Hon. Henry Bedlow is enjoying a trip abroad.

The Key of the Pacific.

The cruise of the fleet is probably responsible for the passage by the House of the appropriation of $3,000,000 for the erection of adequate fortifications at Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands. Several weak points in our defenses have been revealed by the movement of the fleet to the Pacific. One of them is the lack of transports and colliers. Most of the supplies for the fleet have been carried by foreign vessels. Not enough American ships for the job were available. This was the first weakness which was discovered in our defenses. A lack of coaling stations is another weakness, says the St. Louis Globe Democrat. This is particularly manifest in the Pacific.

Now that the fleet is soon to make the trip from our mainland across to the Philippines, to Asia and Australia, we will find that the lack of coaling stations is more serious than laymen had dreamed. Hawaii is on the high road between our Pacific ports and the Orient and Australia. Pearl Harbor is the most important strategic port in the Hawaiian Islands, and that group is near the center of the Pacific. The importance of Pearl Harbor as a naval station was one of the reasons for the annexation of Hawaii. Although we have had the islands for almost ten years, we have never made any real start in the work of fortifying Pearl Harbor.

The House acted wisely in appropriating sufficient money to make a good beginning in the work of creating a strong naval station in Hawaii. The object was so necessary that a partisan division was not made in the vote. The appropriation passed by a large majority. Undoubtedly the Senate will follow this good example. As the President has often urged this work he will be glad to use his influence in getting the Senate to ratify the action of the other chamber. Not quite so many new vessels will be authorized by Congress in this session as the President and the Secretary of the Navy have recommended, but a good beginning will be made in the work of fortifying Hawaii and the Philippines. This is a result of the cruise which had not been looked for at the start, but it will be very agreeable to the American people.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., April 18, 1908.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent April 15 to 19, warm wave 14 to 18, cool wave 17 to 21. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about April 21, cross Pacific slope by close of 22, great central valleys 23 to 25, eastern states 26. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about April 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 24, great central valleys 26, eastern states 28.

This disturbance will come during the coolest and wettest week of April. The cool waves preceding and following it will carry frosts as far south as the average frosts of that month would indicate. Frequent showers may be expected during the week. But the weather will be too quiet to make it of any great interest as a matter of news. The most severe weather events will come a little later and will be described in next bulletin.

About and following April 18 the trend of temperatures will be downward and rainfall increasing. But I am not expecting much rainfall in the great central valleys. Immediately following 18 weather events will continue to be monotonous and uninteresting.

But all this April easy-going weather will be favorable to the farmers and the oncoming crops. The encouraging conditions of April weather will have a tendency to depress prices of the cereals and, if the great speculators will permit it, quotations will probably take on a lower range.

Next bulletin will give general forecasts of May weather. I am expecting some alarming conditions in the crop weather of this season in parts of the grain-producing sections east of the Rockies and as the weather bureau has failed to make good on its promise of long range forecast of cropweather the country must continue to depend on these bulletins. With the great improvements I expect soon to reach in my forecasts probabilities are that they will gain and the weather bureau lose in the confidence of the public.

The Automobile Bill.

After prolonged discussion the House of Representatives has passed the automobile law and it will remain for the Senate to either concur, amend, or kill it. The bill is a very stringent one and owners of automobiles have made strenuous objections to it, but the other people of the State who do not own automobiles seem to be in favor of it. The bill is especially popular in the country towns.

The principal features of the bill are as follows:

Maximum speed limit is fixed at 20 miles an hour.

Fifteen-mile limit for suburban districts.

Ten-mile limit set for thickly settled sections.

Each machine to bear unobscured markers on front and rear.

Every operator must have operating license.

Graded registration fees according to horsepower.

State board of public roads to receive all fees.

Board to have right to revoke license for satisfactory cause.

Right of appeal from decision to Superior Court.

No operating by intoxicated person, or in race, permitted.

Drivers must stop in case of accident and give name and address.

Penalties provided for violation of any provision.

Out of state owners must register after 20 days' residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt Porter are in the city.

Washington Matters.

Taft Growing Stronger Every Day for the Presidential Office—The Senate Passed the Employers' Liability Bill, Precisely as it Came from the House—Representative "Jim" Watson In Favor of an Early Adjournment of Congress—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]
Washington, D. C., April 17, 1908.

Two New York delegates to the Republican national convention have been instructed to vote for Secretary Taft and four other districts have refused to instruct their delegates to vote for Governor Hughes. Three Illinois districts have refused to instruct their delegates to vote for Joseph G. Cannon and one Illinois district has instructed its delegates to vote for Taft. In Wisconsin, at least one Taft delegate has been elected. This trend of delegates in "favorite son" states might be taken to mean that Secretary Taft and his managers had decided to abandon the position announced in the Parson's letter, in which the Secretary declared his purpose not to seek support in states which had favorite sons of their own, but that is not the case.

No work whatever has been done in favorite son states by any authorized representative of Secretary Taft and the instruction of delegates for him in those commonwealths is merely the result of the almost irresistible desire of politicians to cast in their lot with the winning candidate. As the returns come in from one state after another, showing a steady growth of Taft sentiment, so that now practically 300 of the 980 delegates to the national convention are instructed for Taft, the efforts of those who are seeking to promote the fortunes of the other candidates become conspicuously futile, and there is reason to believe that before the convention meets in June, the force of the tide will have become irresistible. The President is "delighted" at these results and is as exuberant as a boy with a new sled.

The Senate, so often charged with being slow and cautious, has once more exhibited its ability to do things promptly and in good order by passing the Employers' Liability bill precisely as it came from the House. A decided effort was made to substitute the La Follette bill but it was defeated. Senator Knox was anxious to have his bill adopted, but when it was pointed out to him that such action by the Senate might result in the defeat of any measure of the kind in conference he cheerfully withdrew his claims and permitted the House bill to go through. Under the terms of the bill which has now passed both houses, employes of common carriers engaged in interstate commerce are afforded every possible opportunity to recover damages for injury, while at the same time Congress has carefully sought to avoid those constitutional pitfalls which caused the Supreme Court to declare invalid the employers' liability act now on the statutes. The passage of this bill is in accord with the earnest recommendation contained in the last two special messages of the President and constitutes the first step toward carrying out the President's recommendations in this Congress. If the Aldrich bill can be passed by the House that will constitute a second but the chances are that no other legislation of importance will be passed at this session.

The Senate, however, has not been idle this year and a number of important treaties have been ratified. Many of these are pursuant to the deliberations of the last Hague Conference, but others provide for arbitration with specific powers, for extradition and other agreements with foreign nations, all of which will serve the useful purpose of making smoother international relations and more unlikely those sources of friction which are usually the cause of war.

Representative "Jim" Watson, of Indiana, the Republican "whip" of the House, is continuing his efforts in behalf of an early adjournment of Congress. Mr. Watson declares he has received assurances on every hand that the proposal to adjourn about May 10th is feasible and that the energies of the leaders of both Houses of Congress will be bent toward that end. Apparently the chief question to be considered is what President Roosevelt will think of an adjournment without definite action on the matters he urged in his recent message.

Darwin J. Merrerole of the Ethical Social League of New York called at the White House this week to ask the President to consider the advisability of naming a commission at once to enter upon the study of the question of what may be done to help the million or more unemployed men of the country. Mr. Merrerole believes that such a commission should promptly visit Europe, where the old countries have had years of experience in caring for the unemployed in times of stress. It is believed that President Roosevelt will heartily co-operate in any practical plan that may be evolved by Mr. Merrerole's organization or any other. He has been much upset over the enforced idleness of thousands of men in the government navy yards at Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Washington and elsewhere, because of lack of appropriations to pay them. So far no feasible plan has been suggested.

It is the opinion of officials in Washington, conversant with the many problems involved in the administration of the municipal government at Harbin, that the question can be worked out amicably and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. At the State Department the opinion has been expressed that too great importance has been attached to the negotiations which have been under way recently, and that nothing has grown out of these negotiations that can in any way becloud the relations between this government and any of the others involved.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented for the owner, Miss J. Emily Christie, the unfurnished cottage, corner South Baptist and Spring streets, to John Mackercher.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the upper tenement over store in block corner Wellington avenue and Thames street, belonging to Mrs. Charles Acton Ives, to William E. Burns.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the owner the store No. 204 in King Block, Bellevue avenue, to Udall & Ballou, jewellers, of New York.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the cottage unfurnished at No. 24 Connection street for Frank Moore to James MacPherson.

You can't cash your neighbor's success, and, if it has a legitimate foundation, you can't damage it by knocking.

The Emery Case.

Before the Supreme Court in Providence on Monday arguments were heard in the case of Robert Pendleton Bowler and Richard W. Hale, trustees, against Mary M. Emery, executrix of the estate of Thomas W. Emery of Middletown. Hale & Grinnell of Boston represented the appellants and William P. Sheffield of this city the appellee. The case first came up in the town council of Middletown sitting as a court of probate, and the claim being rejected there the case was heard, in the Superior Court which also rejected the claim.

Louise F. Bowler, predecessor in title of the appellants, leased to Thomas J. Emery and John J. Emery, brothers, February 11, 1882, a valuable lot of land, with permanent improvements thereon, situated in Cincinnati, Ohio, for the term of 99 years, for an annual rental of $2 250, the lessees binding themselves and their heirs and assigns to pay the taxes and keep the buildings insured.

A few years before his death Thomas J. Emery became a resident of Middletown, and died January 15, 1906. His will was probated in Middletown, his widow being residuary legatee and sole executrix. The real estate in Cincinnati which passed to the widow under the will is valued at more than $3,000,000, and there is improved real estate of large value in other states. John J. Emery is still living.

The appellants filed a claim in the probate court June 21, 1906, which they alleged to be contingent, against Thomas J. Emery's widow, as executrix, for the rent to accrue under the lease for the next 75 years, amounting to $168,750; and asked that the court would order the executrix to deposit in the registry of the probate court assets sufficient to satisfy the claim.

Rhode Island Scholarship.

A scholarship amounting to not less than seventy-five dollars ($75.00) is offered (by the Rhode Island Branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae) to the Rhode Island girl, being educated in Rhode Island, who shall present the best set of papers, of recognized merit, at the June (1908) examination of the College Entrance Examination Board and who intends to enter college next fall.

Enquiry may be addressed to Miss Lida Shaw King, 94 Angell St., Providence, R. I., or to the Scholarship Committee.

Miss Edith Edwards, Chairman,
St. James Hotel,
Woonsocket, R. I.
Miss M. Louise Ballou,
16 Harris Ave.,
Woonsocket, R. I.

The submarine torpedo boat Plunger made the run from New York to Newport in 17½ hours last Saturday night, establishing a record for that distance for vessels of her class. She left New York at 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon and arrived here at 6.30 Sunday morning. The trip was made in the teeth of a strong wind.

Two Real Estate Opportunities.

SMALL COTTAGE FOR SALE IN FIFTH WARD.

This is an excellent cottage, containing Parlor, Dining-room, Kitchen and Pantry, 5 Bedrooms, Bath, &c., Hotwater heater, set tubs. Price $3,800. A most desirable home for a gardener or a valet having work in the southern part of the Island.

Farm of 12 Acres For Sale.

This farm is on the West Main Road in Portsmouth. It contains a good 9-room cottage, barn and outbuildings. Remarkably cheap, $5,000.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue. Telephone 320.

Deaths.

In this city, 12th inst., Viola, daughter of Alexander and the late Adelaide V. Terrill, aged 15 years.

In this city, 13th inst., Annie Eliza, widow of Henry D. Hart, in her 78th year.

In this city, 16th inst., Elizabeth, widow of the late Joseph M. Colt, in her 84th year.

In Portsmouth, 12th inst., Sarah Earle, widow of Philip B. Chase, in her 87th year.

In Tiverton, 11th inst., Mary E., wife of Thomas T. Gray.

At Narragansett Pier, 15th inst., Sallie C., widow of William G. Caswell, in her 75th year.

In Providence, 11th inst., Benjamin, son of Ellen E., and the late Benjamin Buffum, in his 13th year.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
[signature]
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

[illegible] Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Middletown.

VITAL STATISTICS. The vital statistics of Middletown for the year 1907 comprise 41 births, 19 marriages and 20 deaths. In 1906, the same statistics included 39 births, 8 marriages and 32 deaths. A comparison of the same statistics for the two years shows little variation in the number of births, a marked increase in the number of marriages, and considerable decrease in the number of deaths. Of the births 23 were males and 18 females. Twenty-three were of Portuguese parentage. Divided according to sex the deaths embraced 11 males and 9 females. The oldest decedent was nearly ninety-four years of age and twelve had attained the age of sixty years and upwards.

PROPRIETORS' MEETING—The annual meeting of the Proprietors of [illegible] West school District was held in the Oliphant schoolhouse last Saturday evening, only five proprietors being present. Henry I. Chase was chosen moderator and Albert L. Chase, clerk. This organization has the control and management of six acres of land set apart to aid in the maintenance of a school, by the original proprietors of the Island, and the revenue from which has been applied in behalf of Oliphant school. A considerable portion of the building fund for erecting the new school house in 1882 came from this source and the interest on the debt then incurred was paid from the rent of this land until, liquidated by the town in 1905, under the act abolishing the several school districts.

The real estate has been suffered to pass with little attention as to the repair of walls and fences, and now demands some outlays on its own account. The standing committee reported a fund of $90.00 in hand and the Committee were directed to have the wall on the West Main road relaid and to lease the land as occasion required. Albert L. Chase, George R. Chase and Joshua Coggeshall were chosen a Standing Committee for the ensuing year.

MEETING OF PUBLIC SCHOOL COMMITTEE—The first meeting of the Public School Committee was held at the town hall last Saturday afternoon. Within the last two years the personnel of the Committee has been entirely changed and is now made up of John B. Diman, Philip A. Brown, Edith Norman Hunter, Stewart Ritchie and Robert W. Smith, who were all present at Saturday's meeting. John B. Diman was chosen Chairman, Philip A. Brown, Clerk and Superintendent of Schools. The terms of school for the year ensuing May 1 were arranged and it was voted to hold regular meetings of the Committee on the first Monday in June, October and December.

One change in text books was ordered, substituting Redway and Hinman's Natural Geographies for those formerly in use. The winter term of school terminated on Friday. For the new school year teachers have been selected as follows: Oliphant School, Principal, Sarah E. Tinkham; assistant, Theodora G. Anthony. Wyatt School, Elizabeth A. Peckham. Paradise School, Anna A. Olerman. For Witherbee and Peabody Schools teachers have yet to be retained.

The entire family of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Demery, who reside near the Berkeley Parish House on Green End Avenue, have been ill the past two weeks. Mr. Demery is suffering from pneumonia, his wife from the grippe, and the children are just recovering from the grippe. Two trained nurses have been in attendance a part of the time.

The five schools of the town closed on Friday for a two weeks' vacation. Two vacancies will be made in the list of teachers owing to the resignation of Miss Alice Legate at the Peabody School, and Miss A. Sarah Ward at the Witherbee, whose marriage to Mr. William R. Harvey of Newport will occur in June.

Mr. William Dawson, who purchased several years ago, the Alfred Chase property on Wapping Road, is to hold a public auction on the premises on Saturday and remove to Iowa as soon as his affairs can be settled in Middletown. Mr. and Mrs. Dawson have been spending the past two months in the West, visiting among Mrs. Dawson's relatives and have finally decided to settle there. Mrs. Dawson and her two daughters remained in Iowa where she will later be joined by her husband.

Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, will hold their regular meeting on Tuesday with Aquidneck Grange at the Middletown Town Hall. The morning session will open at 11.30, at the close of which, luncheon will be served. The afternoon session, which is open to the public, will take place a 11.45. The program will include vocal and instrumental music, and the roll call will present interesting items concerning the growth of trees, plants and flowers. Edward Howe Forbush, State Ornithologist of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture and New England Agent of the National Association of Audubon Societies of Boston, will be a guest of the meeting, and will speak upon the subject, "What we should do for the birds."

St. Columba's Guild was entertained on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. Pitt Littlefield at the Parish House. There is some discussion in regard to holding a supper after Easter, at the Parish House.

A morning service was held on Good Friday at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel, the Rev. John B. Diman being the preacher.

The annual meeting for the election of officers of the Altar Society will be held on Saturday morning at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel.

Mrs. Rowena Albro returned this week to the home of Mrs. Joseph F. Albro on Peckham avenue. She has been spending the winter in Dorchester, Mass., as guest of her brother, Dr. James T. Sherman.

Mrs. Kate Fisher of New York is guest, during the Easter holidays, of her daughter, Mrs. Harry E. Peckham, at Hillside Farm.

"When the defendant told you to go to the devil, what did you then do?"

"I went to see my lawyer."—Harper's Weekly.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

APRIL 1908. STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High Water Morn	[illegible]
18 Sat	6 18	6 42	8 57	8 41	[illegible]
19 Sun	6 16	6 43	10 5	9 25	[illegible]
20 Mon	5 15	6 44	11 18	10 11	[illegible]
21 Tues	5 13	6 45	morn	11 10	[illegible]
22 Wed	5 12	6 46	0 16		[illegible]
23 Thurs	5 10	6 47	1 12	12 16	[illegible]
24 Fri	5 9	6 48	2 0	1 45	[illegible]

New Moon, 1st day, 0h. 2m., morning.
First Quarter, 8th day, 11h. 31m., morning.
Full Moon, 16th day, 11h. 55m., morning.
Last Quarter, 23th day, 2h. 7m., evening.
New Moon, 30th day, 10 h. 38 m., morning.

HALF THE CITY GONE

Flames Relentlessly Wipe Out Homes and Business Blocks

SAD SUNDAY FOR CHELSEA

Ten Thousand People Homeless, and All the Banks, Most of the Churches, and Nearly All the Schoolhouses Burned--Fifteen Hundred Soldiers Supplied With Ball Cartridges and City Placed Under Martial Law

A northwest gale fanned a small, insignificant fire into a vast conflagration at Chelsea, Mass., Sunday, completely obliterating fully one-half the city, destroying five hundred dwelling houses and public buildings, drove fifteen hundred families from their habitations and rendered ten thousand people homeless.

The fire area, which was in the form of an elipse, extended for a mile and a half and was only ended when the water was reached at Chelsea creek. Starting from a blacking factory at the northwestern end of the city at about 10:30 a. m., it marched relentlessly through the business section and destroyed tenement houses on either side by the hundreds.

Assistance from all the nearby cities was called in, but the great battery of fire apparatus was unable to stop the flames until dark. In the meantime the fleeing inhabitants were met by a vast crowd of spectators, so that it was necessary to call for troops, and the United States government and the state militia were drawn upon to maintain order and keep the fire lines clear for the fighting.

All the banks, more than three-quarters of the churches, fully half of the business section and nearly all the schoolhouses were wiped out.

The greater number of buildings destroyed were of wood. It was easy, therefore, for the fire to jump over a block and start afresh beyond the reach of the engines which happened to be stationed at the last point of attack. A great many instances were noted of buildings five and six hundred feet away from the flames bursting out into a fierce blaze, so that the fight against the progress of the fire for five or six hours seemed almost hopeless.

Rescue work during the exciting periods of the fire was one of the features. Many persons refused to leave their homes until dragged out by the police and militia, while at the Frost hospital, which was directly in the path of the flames, patients were removed with great difficulty, and twenty babies taken out of the day nursery by patrolmen only a few minutes before the buildings caught fire.

City Under Martial Law

Sunday night the city was placed under martial law, and all the military forces, numbering about 1500 men, guarding the burned district and places where goods were stored were organized systematically under Adjutant General Brigham of the state militia. With the first signs of looting orders were issued to supply the soldiers with ball cartridges and they were empowered to shoot anyone found pilfering. The artillerymen were assigned to cover the actual burned district and the members of the infantry companies were stationed in small groups around the piles of household goods which were scattered through those sections of the city not reached by the flames.

Late Tuesday night Adjutant General Brigham issued orders withdrawing Colonel Nutter and twenty companies from duty in the burned area, and but one battalion was left on guard for the night. It was reinforced today by two companies from Lynn which were ordered on duty.

Efforts to Save Household Goods

Over Chelsea bridge into East Boston streamed a long line of fire refugees lugging what few household effects they were able to save. Vehicles of all descriptions, automobiles, pushcarts, drays, carriages and even baby carriages were piled high with furniture and bedding. Hundreds of people carried only huge bundles tied up in sheets. These were mostly grey-headed women of the foreign class.

Among these poor people there did not seem to be any panic. There was no crying or wringing of hands. All seemed too stunned by the disaster that had wiped out their homes. These people seemed mostly of the poorer class, who could not afford to lose what little they possessed, with factories and mills closed down or earnings reduced by half-time work. Pictures, trunks, bedding and chairs streamed out over the bridge, being scarcely noticed by the dense throngs that moved towards the fire from Boston, too preoccupied with the flames and heavy pall of smoke sweeping in swift panorama before them to take notice of the misery and suffering passing by.

In the burning district itself sidewalks were piled high with household articles. In most cases these goods were abandoned to the flames. Bedding and furniture blazed in the streets, and were caught up by the gale and hurled into doorways and on roofs, setting other houses on fire. Several of the large type of cars used by the Boston Elevated railway, abandoned when it was found necessary to shut off the power, were left helpless in streets swept by the flames. Many invalids were carried by on stretchers, and furniture vans whose drivers were waiting for bargains were pressed into use by the police to remove the sick.

How the Fire Started

The fire started among a lot of old rags scattered about the dump in the rear of 265 Second street, near the Everett line, occupied by many Jewish dealers in old rags and junk. It is supposed the cause was spontaneous combustion.

The old rags, which had been brought from a fire in another street by the owner, Isaac Rubens, about two months ago, had been thoroughly wet down in the heavy rain of last Friday night. This had caused the oil in some of the rags to spread. The hot sun of Saturday and Sunday morning, it is thought, caused certain chemical actions which brought about spontaneous combustion.

When the rags burst into flame it was easy for the high northwest wind to carry the sparks to the building of the Boston Blacking company, near by, and thence to other buildings, the great conflagration being the result.

In the ferocious gale shingles, burning paper and oil soaked rags were flung high into the air and went soaring over the city. Soon a dozen factories and cheaper tenement houses west of Everett avenue were in flames and the firemen were utterly unable to cope with the conflagration.

Loss of Nearly Six Millions

Revised figures indicate that the losses are divided according to the various classes of property destroyed as follows:

Churches and schools	$525,000
Public buildings	475,000
Factories, business blocks and contents	825,000
Dwelling houses	3,750,000
Total	$5,575,000

Death List of Nine

Three more bodies were recovered Thursday from the ruins of the fire, making the total number of bodies now recovered nine. In addition, two persons have died of causes incident to the fire.

The bodies recovered Thursday were those of Mrs. Minnie I. Fenwick, wife of Dr. J. B. Fenwick; Mrs. Walter Barnes, a niece of Mrs. Fenwick, of Newark, N. J., and Miss Viole Boyer of Chelsea, who was a maid in the employ of the Fenwick family.

The Fenwick family lived on Chestnut street, next to the St. Stanislaus Polish Catholic church, which was burned. The family has been prominent in local affairs for many years.

Homeless People Well Housed

There is comparatively little suffering reported among the fire victims. So prompt and efficient was the relief work, beginning Sunday, that practically no one was without shelter during the night. Yesterday the relief work was taken up by those who handled the Massachusetts fund for San Francisco sufferers.

Early on Monday Mayor Beck issued an appeal to the country, but after a conference with Acting Governor Draper the appeal was amended so as to include only the state. Announcement was made that $15,000 had been raised by subscription in Boston before noon. In addition, the city of Chelsea appropriated $10,000 and a resolve for $100,000 from the state was introduced in the house of representatives. Many nearby cities announced the starting of subscription papers, and the city governments of others will holds special meetings to take action on the matter. A message received from President Roosevelt expressed sympathy and volunteered the services of the army and navy.

In the meantime the local organizations, such as the Associated Charities and Salvation Army, were perfecting their work and they professed entire ability to find temporary quarters for all the homeless.

One gratifying feature of the situation is the fact that all the homeless people are well housed. So far as known no one is sleeping out of doors or in tents. Ample accommodations in the halls, public buildings and private houses of the neighboring places were furnished for all refugees. Provisions poured into the relief stations from all sides, and during Monday night meetings of citizens in various cities and towns of the state took steps to organize relief work. Mayor Beck of Chelsea has especially emphasized the need of children's clothing and in many of the public schools appeals for articles of this kind will be made.

The board of aldermen met late Tuesday and discussed very generally the plans for the future, which included the proposition to widen some of the principal thoroughfares of the city when it should be rebuilt.

The relief measures for the afflicted have been kept up and offers of a most generous nature have come from all sources, but the local authorities and those of the state have been able to meet the needs.

The relief fund has reached well toward $150,000 and the work of the various relief committees progresses rapidly and efficiently.

City Densely Populated

With the exception of Hoboken, N. J., Chelsea is the most densely populated city in proportion to its area of any incorporated municipality in America. The city officials of Chelsea have estimated that, with but two-thirds of the acreage devoted to residences, the average population per acre is more than 36 persons. The population of the city is said to be increasing at a rate of about 1000 a year.

Chelsea is distinguished for being one of the smallest cities in area in the United States, as well as one of the most densely populated. In 2 1-3 square miles she houses her 37,000 inhabitants. At one time this was a farm that was leased for $150 a year and $25 of that went annually to Harvard college.

Broken Dam Causes $1,000,000 Loss

With many houses destroyed at Craig, Mont., hundreds of head of cattle and other live stock drowned and the Great Northern railroad tracks washed away for miles, the loss from the floods caused by the breaking of the seventy-foot dam at Hauser lake is estimated at approximately $1,000,000, which includes the damage to the dam.

Talk Is Cheaper on Telephone

One may now talk on the telephone of twenty-three city and suburban exchanges of the New England Telephone and Telegraph company for five minutes for a flat rate of 5 cents. This means that a subscriber may telephone from the main exchange in Boston to suburban points on the 5 cent rate.

HAD SECRET SCHEME

Charge Against Bankers Who Opposed Aldrich Bill

ARE FAVORING IT PRIVATELY

Crozier Says Measure Is a Gambling Game From Start to Finish--Panic Brought on Deliberately by Wall Street--Can Produce Witnesses

Washington, April 17.—In picturesque language, at times vehement, Alfred G. Crozier of Wilmington, Del., told the house committee on banking and currency that he had unearthed a secret scheme for a compromise on the Aldrich currency bill. He intimated pointedly that the members of the currency commission and the American Bankers' association did not act fairly with the banking and currency committee in unanimously opposing the Aldrich bill.

While opposing the bill "on principle," he said, "the members of that commission objected to it because the emergency currency was to bear 6 percent interest and are ready to support it now if the interest is reduced to 3 percent.

"The Aldrich bill," Crozier declared, "is a gambling game from start to finish, brought here by gamblers and promoted by gamblers for gambling purposes."

He asserted stoutly that he knew the late financial stringency was brought on deliberately by Wall street men. "I was told in Wall street that such a measure as the Aldrich bill would be brought before this congress and that a panic would precede it."

Mr. Prince suggested that this charge was a very serious one, and ought not to be made on opinion, but on actual facts. Crozier replied that if a commission was appointed he would furnish a list of witnesses to the counsel by whom this charge could be proved.

As an evidence of the conspiracy to bring on a panic Crozier said a prominent financier told the president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company that it was to be brought on before the meeting of congress and on that information, he said, the railroad borrowed $30,000,000. Urged to tell who the financier predicting a panic was, Crozier said he did not like to give his name at this time, but would give it to the counsel of any commission congress might appoint to investigate the causes of the recent financial crisis. He predicted that when the panic was finally investigated it would be seen that there had been a concentration of banking capital in New York.

In concluding his remarks, Crozier said: "It is impossible to understand any reason for thus forcing this universally obnoxious legislation through congress unless some persons high in the council of our party have made some secret pledge to the masters of Wall street to put this legislation through and give its dangerous powers to the special interests in exchange for the support of the malefactors in the coming campaign.

"If this is what has been done and it is persisted in to the extent of fastening this dangerous legislation upon the country, our party will deserve the defeat which that course will bring upon it. Every patriotic citizen will hope that no such unholy and discreditable bargain has been made and that in the final test the members of the majority in congress will listen to the all but universal demand of the people of the entire United States and will defeat both the Aldrich and the Vreeland bills overwhelmingly."

Chairman Fowler then announced that hearings on the Aldrich bill were closed.

Alleged Smuggling of Aliens

Port Huron, Mich., April 17.—The Point Edward ferryboat was seized on the American side here and Captain Glass was lodged in jail on the charge of illegally importing Hungarians, Poles, Germans and other foreigners into the United States. The boat is tied up by direction of the United States immigration officials.

Booming Hughes In Kentucky

Louisville, April 17.—The formal opening of the Hughes campaign, which has been quietly gathering way in Kentucky for some time, came last night when Stewart L. Woodford delivered an address here in his interest. The audience was an enthusiastic one, Woodford's points in favor of Hughes apparently found favor.

Evans Able to Be Out

Paso Robles, Cal., April 17.—For the first time in a week Rear Admiral Evans was given an outing yesterday. He spent some time on the lawn, watching games of croquet and tennis. He seemed to be in good spirits and was improved in appearance.

Minnesota Delegates For Taft

Minneapolis, April 17.—The Minnesota Republican state convention elected four delegates-at-large to the national convention at Chicago and instructed them to vote for the nomination of Mr. Taft until he is "selected by the convention."

Family of Seven Missing

Forman, N. D., April 17.—Louis Orlan, wife and five children, whose farm buildings were destroyed by a prairie fire, are missing and are believed to have perished in the flames.

Pension Law Works Automatically

Washington, April 17.—Pension Commissioner Warner announces that widows now on the pension roll will not be required to make application for the increase from $8 to $12 a month recently voted by congress. Pension agencies throughout the country will put the law into effect automatically, the first payment of the increase to be made May 4.

SEADOGS IN PARADE

Five Thousand Jackies Welcomed to California

SAN DIEGO HAS A HOLIDAY

Golden Key to City and Gold-Mounted and Jeweled Sword For Evans--Three Other Admirals Recipients of Gold Medals

The American battleship fleet has reached San Diego, Cal. In four regularly intervaled columns, the fleet found its first home anchorage in its four months of cruising around the southernmost end of the Western Hemisphere and halted for four days of merrymaking for men and officers.

A parade of 5,080 bluejackets and marines from the battleship fleet marked the ceremonies of welcome of the state of California. Sixty-four companies of sailors, in their togs of the sea, and fifteen companies of marines formed this most notable of the navy's land display. The procession was more than two miles long.

The sailors marched from the waterfront to the city park over three miles of streets canopied with decorations which combined the Red, White and Blue of the nation and the gold and white of the state.

San Diego took a holiday to see the martial pageant and the sidewalks were crowded with a typical holiday throng. Their enthusiasm was explosive, the appearance of the bluejackets and marines calling for long-sustained cheering.

At the city park the sailors passed in review before Rear Admirals Thomas, Sperry and Emery and Governor Gillett and his staff.

A crowd of many thousands of people surrounded the grand stands. Three thousand school children waving flags and banners were massed directly in front of the reviewing stand and their songs and cheers were one of the prettiest features of the day's celebration.

Governor Gillett, in a brief speech, supplemented his words of welcome spoken previously on the flagship Connecticut, and Rear Admiral Thomas made formal response in behalf of the fleet.

Admiral Thomas then accepted, in Admiral Evans' behalf, a golden key symbolical of the freedom of the city. The token will be forwarded by Thomas to Evans at Paso Robles, and there will go with it a gold-mounted and jeweled naval sword, presented yesterday to Evans by the patriotic fraternities of the city, including the Grand Army of the Republic, the Confederate Veterans and the Spanish War Veterans.

To Admirals Thomas, Sperry and Emery gold medals, commemorative of their visits, were presented, and there also was a medal for Captain Ingersoll, who served as a chief of staff to Evans from Hampton Roads to Magdalena bay. The medal will be sent to Ingersoll at Norfolk.

Last night a ball was tendered to the admiral and the officers of the fleet at the Hotel Del Coronado.

A tenement house owned by the Avery Chemical works at Littleton, Mass., was burned and a portion of the main building of the company, which caught from the sparks, was destroyed. The loss is about $8000.

DOCTOR ADVISED USE OF CUTICURA

After Other Treatment Failed—Eczema in Raw, Spot on Baby Boy's Face Lasted for Months—Cried with Pain when Washed.

ECZEMA WAS CURED AND HAS NEVER REAPPEARED

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face the size of a nickel was raw like beefsteak for three months, and he would cry out when I bathed the parts that were sore and broken out. I gave him three months' treatment from a good doctor, but at the end of that time the child was no better. Then my doctor recommended Cuticura. After using a cake of Cuticura Soap, a third of a box of Cuticura Ointment, and half a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent he was well and his face was as smooth as any baby's. He is now two years and a half old and no eczema has reappeared. I am still using the Cuticura Soap; I think it is the finest toilet soap I ever used. I keep my little girl's hair and face cleansed with it too. I am so thankful for what Cuticura has done for us. Mrs. M. L. Harris, R. F. D. 1, Alton, Kan., May 14 and June 12, '07."

SANATIVE

Antiseptic Cleansing Is Best Accomplished by Cuticura.

Women, especially mothers, find Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills the purest, sweetest, and most effective remedies for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands, for the treatment of inflammatory and ulcerative conditions, as well as for restoring to health, strength, and beauty pale, weak, nervous, prematurely faded, run-down women. Guaranteed absolutely pure under the United States Food and Drugs Act.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuticura Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c.), (or in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per vial of 60) to Purify the Blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT

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You can receive Absolute Protection at very moderate rates, by depositing your valuables in the Newport Trust Company, where they will be proof against FIRE AND BURGLARS.

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143 Thames Street, Phone 1133

Easter Attractions in Millinery

Those desiring a nice Trimmed Hat or Toque will find an immense selection here

SPECIAL FOR EASTER TRADE We have a fine Selection of Childrens Hats ready trimmed at Popular Prices

LADIES' WILL DO WELL TO LEAVE THEIR ORDERS FOR EASTER HATS EARLY TO AVOID THE RUSH

Schreier's ...The... Leading House

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NEWPORT COAL COMPANY,

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

Telephone 222.

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With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

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Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

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BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent

After a Mine Disaster.

How a Little West Virginia Town Has Suffered.

By Margaret E. Bylington.

On Dec. 6, 1907, 359 men were killed in an explosion occuring in two mines at Monongah, West Virginia. This is a typical mining town of about 3000 inhabitants, shut away among the hills. The rushing brown Monongahela River runs through it, on either side of which are rows of little gray company houses that cluster about the big company offices or straggle up the hillside. Two saloons and an opera house where cheap shows come are the only excitements offered by the village itself, although Fairmont, the county seat, five miles away, offers other diversions. Altogether six months ago, it was perhaps as unimpressive a little town as you could have found. But suddenly in one moment it sprang into prominence, clothed with the dignity of a great tragedy. For a time it became the center of the sympathy of a nation. But this soon passed and the town is now left to face the long problem of sorrow and poverty.

The explosion mercifully brought instant death to its victims, so that at least the women were saved the anguish of uncertainty. When once word of the disaster spread, the women rushed to the entrance of the mines and terrible scenes were witnessed, as, crazed with grief, they beat their breasts and tore their hair and faces. They hung about in groups during long hours while quietly the heroic work went on. Experienced miners, some of whom had come from a distance, volunteered for this dangerous work. The mines after the explosion were full of deadly gas and entrance could be made only as fast as fresh air could be forced in, and even then the rescuers were often overcome by the fumes. They had not the stimulus of knowing they were saving life; their part was only to bring out the marred bodies to wives and mothers whose grief seemed doubled unless they "knew where he was." Some of them were so mutilated that only personal belongings made recognition possible. In one humble Italian cottage I visited hung a bunch of seals by which the father had been identified, and above them a crucifix.

Absorbed in their grief and anguish, mothers forgot the needs of their children, and pitiful scenes were witnessed of little children crying from hunger in homes where there was food enough, but no one to prepare it for them—the living neglected for the dead. Kind hands were near, however, and the first simple relief was a quantity of ready cooked food sent by the ladies of Fairmont and distributed in baskets where there was need. Similar provision was made for the men engaged in the rescue work, and in sheds at hand hot coffee and soup were prepared to help them meet the strain of this continuous effort. Foremost in this work was the relative of one of the mine officials who had been at the scene of such a disaster and knew how to meet such needs effectively. The lack of sense sometimes shown by the sympathetic was illustrated by a lady who came from a town thirty miles away, two days after the accident, and displaying a small French coffee pot, said: "I have come all the way from —— to help, and I brought my own coffee pot."

Soon the larger circle of influence began to make itself felt. Supplies of food and clothing were sent in, and with them came letters that bore witness to the understanding sympathy back of the gifts. Especially was this true of baby clothing sent for the little ones who have come since the disaster. Among them was one outfit that had belonged to a little baby who had died; while another was made especially for these sufferers, as a thank-offering for a long desired son who had just come to their home. A small boy in a Western State sent a warm cap "for another little orphan boy." His parents were dead, and he had been taken as a foster child into a real home, but remembered still the loneliness of his orphanhood. One toy, a Dinah doll, came with a note, saying that a little girl of five had taken it to bed with her every night since she was a baby, but thought she was too old now, so sent it to "some little girl whose papa used to rock her to sleep." This rush of sympathy and feeling that poured in from all over the country was the one redeeming feature in the sadness of the times.

How truly this was needed can be realized only by one who has seen a whole community stricken, but who can also feel the tragedy, not in a mass but as it had brought the desolation of loneliness to individual homes. Every woman has had to face her own problem with what courage she might. One of the saddest stories was that of a woman whose "man" had been killed in the mines years ago, leaving her three children. Patiently she had worked to make a home for them by washing and cleaning, the hard work and low pay likely to be the lot of "the drudgery of Monongah." The eldest boy was sickly and could not help her, but the next, a sturdy boy of fifteen, had found work in the mine, and she was beginning to feel that life would be easier, when he was taken and the weary fight must be begun again. In another home for years they had been hoping for a child and now one was expected. The wife showed the drawer where the little things lay that she had prepared. The night before the explosion the husband had been fondling them and talking of the happiness in store, but now she must face alone the future that has become so sad a problem. That such suffering must come to individuals at times is true, but when it comes in one overwhelming flood to neighbors, friends and relatives, it is a blow one can hardly fathom. A young official who had lost his dearest friends said six months afterwards: "I am not afraid to be in the mine at work. I have done it steadily since the day of the explosion, but I cannot be alone and think of the friends I have lost."

For such personal grief there is, of course, no comfort that an outsider can give. But there are financial problems to be met and it is here that the public can give its most effective assistance. As relief continued to pour in, it became evident that some definite plan for its distribution must be made, if it was to reach those most in need. An organization, hastily formed by the ladies of Fairmont, undertook this task and has throughout done most effective work. A list was made of all those left dependent and groceries were sent them immediately as long as the supply lasted. As the company, who was most generous throughout, were allowing the families to live in the houses rent free, with coal and gas provided, while at the same time they met all the burial expenses, the women were not burdened with the necessity for making immediate plans.

It was obvious, however, that a large relief fund was needed which could help them to meet the long problem ahead. For this purpose a local committee of representative business men was formed who sent out an appeal to the country to assist them in raising a fund of $2000. While they had been in a large measure successful, the hard times undoubtedly affected the response. The money came mostly in small sums from lodges, churches and through newspaper collections and represented all sections of the country. One struggling Oklahoma church, whose only meeting place was a grocery store, sent across the continent its little contribution whose value was measured, not by the dollars, but by the sympathy expressed. With this fund they hoped to provide for the women until such time as they could re-adjust them to their situation. It could not, of course, be divided until the money was all in, but since the time the groceries were exhausted, a weekly allowance has been made for each family which will come out of their final share in the fund.

The situation in the town is a serious one. A few of the families owned homes free of mortgage but that will not provide bread, and while some of the better paid men carried insurance, in most instances this was a small amount. Work of course could be found for a few but many because of ill health or the needs of their little children were not able to attempt this. About 425 people in Monongah were left dependent, 203 of whom were English speaking, 96 Slavs and 125 Italians. Many of the foreigners will return to their own homes if they have relatives or a home there, but sometimes they feel that their condition there would be worse than here. The men from each town in the old country tend to settle in the same place here for the sake of companionship and as a result, there are some little villages where the destitution resulting from this accident must be almost as severe as in Monongah. This is shown by extracts of letters from two priests in Italy:

"Agostino was a good young man of good moral character, and left, besides his mother (a widow), a young sister. He emigrated to America in order to support the two above mentioned, and to try to save something for himself. With his death the mother and sister are deprived of their only means of support, and obliged to beg. They have become the charges of a few good people."

"You cannot conceive the grief that the disaster has brought to a family composed only of a widow with two small children, and I cannot picture to you the extreme misery of this unfortunate family. She is calling for her husband, the only one who has helped her, and that she with the two children are suffering for want. The poverty of the widow can only be told with few words. She was unable to buy mourning clothes, wearing only a black shawl."

It is believed, however, that half, possibly two-thirds, of the foreigners will eventually return to the old country, and many of the Americans with relatives nearby will also go to their own homes. The families were in general small, there being an average of only two children in each for the entire group. The widows who were alone and with only one child will probably be able to care for them. But the mothers with large families are finding it a sad outlook. One Italian widow with five little children, none old enough to work, hampered by her lack of ability to speak English or to work in American ways and who has no friends in Italy to return to, is facing a problem few of us would wish to undertake. It must be remembered that in a village like this there is no charitable organization who could take an interest in her nor is there a day nursery where she could place her children while she went out to work. Only a partial solution of difficulty is met by the relief fund, which will average somewhere near $200 apiece for each widow and child. In addition, the company is settling with each family on the basis of $150 for each widow and $75 for each child. Owing to the finding of the coroner's jury there is little chance for securing damages from the company (through the courts).

A woman with four children would therefore receive nearly $1000 from the relief fund and $450 from the company. A low average of the wages of all miners is estimated to be about $50 a month, a total of $600 a year, although most men make more than this. Taking the low rate, however, the total amount of relief would be a little over two years' wages. As in many cases it would be four or five years before the child could go to work, the problem of these years to come is a serious one. It has been one draw back in the situation that few of these people are trained to look so far ahead, and while they worry, it is hard to help them make plans while so large a sum is in their hands. The possibility also exists that the more ignorant will be swindled out of their money. In one instance, a Slav woman who had received $300 was sought in marriage by a man of her own race. He persuaded her to trust him with the money while he went to Fairmont for the license, but neither man, money, nor license appeared in Monongah again.

So in spite of the response of the public there are serious problems ahead, both for the women and for the community, which in the end must care for them. The profound impression left by the situation is the awfulness of such unnecessary loss of life, the result of which cannot be obviated by gifts of money or by sympathetic interest. These mines were supposed to be models and the coroner's jury were unable to determine the exact cause of the explosion. In one month, over 650 men were killed in four various mine explosions in this country. If this terrible waste of productive power is to be avoided, mine legislation and the means of enforcing it must be more adequate. But above all, more definite knowledge is needed of the cause and means of preventing such explosions. This fact lends weight to President Roosevelt's plea for a bureau of mines which could make experiments too costly for individual companies and which could make available, for the use of mine owners, legislatures and the general public, the sum of information on the subject. No one can measure the cost of such a disaster in terms of human suffering, but there can be no question of the need of making every effort to prevent its repetition. Only when the horror roused by such a catastrophe and the sympathy felt for the sufferers is crystallized into better methods of safeguarding the living can we feel that these men did not die in vain.

"General," said the fair vegetarian, "you should abandon the beef diet. Look at the deer. It eats nothing but grass and leaves, and yet it can outrun the hounds for hours."

"Madam, I require food that will prevent my running."

The Day Nannie Was Six.

It was the sixth day of November that Nannie Russell was six year old. Her mother gave her six kisses, and she took six more from her baby brother, Lyndon, and she said those were her birthday presents. She did not grumble a bit because she had no others, and she only said, "Never mind, mamma dear!" when her mother wished she could afford to make her a pretty birthday cake.

Then she and mamma laughed at the funny little shoes that mamma had made for Lyndon, the evening before, out of some stout woolen cloth. Lyndon's real shoes were so worn that his little toes had been almost out of them, and there was no money to buy others. These would keep his feet warm, even if they were not pretty; but they were odd looking shoes.

After breakfast Mrs. Russell said: "I want you to take this money down to Mrs. Miles for the rent. It isn't quite enough, but tell her I will pay the rest as soon as I can."

When Nannie gave Mrs. Miles the envelope, she repeated all her mother had told her and added something more.

"I guess when Mrs. Governor Adams pays her she'll have enough."

"Does Mrs. Adams owe your mother?" Mrs. Miles asked, in a surprised tone.

"Yes'm," replied Nannie, "for sewing, you know; she didn't pay her last week and we've got to have something to eat, mamma says."

"Why, of course, dear! Come in a minute. Oh, dear, Willie's crying again! He is so fretful this morning, and I'm baking and can't attend to him. I wonder if your mother could spare you for a while. If you could stay and amuse him till I am more at liberty, I should be so glad."

"Yes'm, I'll stay. I know mamma won't care."

Two-year-old Willie was soon contented enough with Nannie for a playfellow, and Mrs. Miles went briskly to work. Now and then scraps of talk floated to her ears from the sitting-room.

"I'm six years old today," Nannie told her charge. "Now you give me six kisses, and that'll make me another birthday present. Mamma and Lyndon gave me six—oh, those are very nice. Thank you!

"What pretty shoes! I guess they are new ones. You ought to see my little brother's shoes—they're funny! They don't shine like yours. My mamma made 'em out of cloth to keep his little feet warm, 'cause his are worn out. I guess he'll get holes in these pretty quick, scrambling round on the floor, then mamma'll have to make him another pair, or maybe there'll be some money to buy some real ones by then."

When Nannie went home, Mrs. Miles thanked her for amusing Willie, and gave her a basket saying, "There's something in it for you."

"O mamma," cried Nannie, popping off the cover as soon as she had shut the door, "it's full of little bags. What do you s'pose is in 'em?"

On top was a paper which read, "For Nannie's Sixth Birthday."

Everything was in bags, big and little, and all was in sixes, six small biscuits, six little pats of butter, six tarts, six dear little frosted cakes, six cookies, six bananas, six pretty shoes that Willie had outgrown, but just right for Lyndon, and, last of all, three tiny bags, holding six pennies, six nickels, and six dimes.

"Why, mamma," said Nannie, "how do you s'pose she knew it was my birthday? I didn't tell her!"—Emma C. Dowd, in the Congregationalist.

A Buzzard With Fame.

[Oxford Correspondence the Philadelphia Record.]

Rather than bring about an epidemic of race suicide in East Nottingham township by keeping imprisoned the famous belled buzzard which acts in the capacity of the legendary stork for that community, Samuel Winchester, who captured the bird a few days ago, has decided to set it free. Great numbers of persons have flocked to see the big bird, and its capture aroused great interest throughout the entire township. The buzzard is an unusually large one and is somewhat differently colored from others of its species. It has for years been recognized by a sleigh bell wired to its leg. For nearly a quarter of a century its hovering over a farmhouse has been regarded as an infallible sign that there was to be an addition to the family. Mothers instead of telling their children of the stork's visit informed them that the belled buzzard was the bearer of the little one. People have been trying to capture it for years, but no one ever succeeded until it fell into Mr. Winchester's hands.

Youngest of Temples.

From Robert Hichens's "The Spell of Egypt" in the April Century.

Youth is, perhaps, the most divine of all the gifts of the gods, as those who wore the lotus-blossom amulet believed thousands of years ago, and Denderah, appropriately, is a very young Egyptian temple, probably, indeed, the youngest of all the temples on the Nile. Its youthfulness—it is only about two thousand years of age—identifies it happily with the happiness and beauty of its presiding deity, and as I rode toward it on the canal bank in the young freshness of the morning, I thought of the goddess Safekh and of the sacred Persea-tree. When Safekh inscribed upon a leaf of the Persea-tree the name of king or conquer, he gained everlasting life. Was it the life of youth? An everlasting life of middle age might be a doubtful benefit. And then mentally I added, "unless one lived in Egypt." For here the years drop from one, and every golden hour brings to one surely another drop of the wondrous essence that sets time at defiance and charms sad thoughts away.

Uses Of The Lantern.

[From the School World.]

There is abundant evidence that the optical lantern is now recognized as a necessary part of the equipment of any school in which the study of geography is taken seriously, and the time is approaching when the lantern will be considered even more necessary for class teaching than a blackboard, not only in geography, but in many other subjects.

"I think those stamps are horrid," remarked the typewriter as she glanced at the designs on the one and two cent denominations.

"So do I, Gertie," laughed the fresh office boy as he finished attaching one hundred to the business letters; "the worst I ever tasted."—Chicago News.

Way Out At Sea.

There the Sailor Gets the Hardest Work of All.

From "Three Years Behind the Guns" in April St. Nicholas.

The life of a seaman is not lived entirely in port. When cruising out on the broad ocean westward clear from the tracks laid for the mail ships, choosing a pathless waste where there is uninterrupted target range. I should like to write of thirty-seven days out of sight of land, just cruising, and drilling as a long cruise, but when I hear sailormen telling tales of more than a year afloat on an old windjammer I am ashamed to mention it, although I cannot leave off wondering where all the time comes from. Has the ocean drunk from the heavens until they have grown pale, or is the sky merely a mirror of the ocean's sapphire?

In the calmest weather there are always great blue swells far out at sea, so blue, so free from whitecaps that one requires but slight imagination, by looking through half-closed lids, to see great rolling meadows of gentians. This is where all the pretty little formalities of port life are laid aside—the moment the anchor is on deck, the ship's flag and the union jack are folded away, and their staffs taken down, while simultaneously with their lowering an ensign mounts to the gaff and the admiral's flag shrinks on the main truck.

It is at sea we get our hard work, and there is so much of it that half of the crew (200 men) are always on duty.

If for the cruise you are chosen as a helmsman, you are exempt from sea watch, deck work, etc.

It isn't a bit jolly to stand a trick at the wheel; it is two hours on and four hours off, day and night. Not a word dare you speak and the presence of an officer nearby makes a stolen smoke impossible. Were a choice offered, I would say give me a mid-watch aloft in a storm in preference, for there, when the nights is cold, (although it is not so written in the regulations) a peculiar jerking at a signal halyard tells you that a can of hot coffee is on the way, and when it comes up, you bless it from the fullness of your heart.

Creditable Evidence.

The venerable and learned justice, John M. Harlan, during a game of golf at Chevy Chase, explained the intricacies of evidence to a young man.

Justice Harlan illustrated well the case of conflicting evidence—how, when the statements of two witnesses are opposed, the more probable statement is to be accepted.

"It is like the boy and the house hunter.

"A house hunter, getting off a train at a suburban station, said to a boy:

"'My lad, I am looking for Mr. Smithson's new block of semi-detached cottages. How far are they from here?'

"'About twenty minutes walk,' the boy replied.

"'Twenty minutes?' exclaimed the house hunter. 'Nonense! The advertisement says five.'

"'Well,' said the boy, 'you can believe me or you can believe the advertisement; but I ain't tryin' to make no sale.'"

An Inspiring Type.

From an Editorial on Edmund Clarence Stedman in the April Century.

Taylor, Stoddard, Aldrich, Stedman—chief figures in the second group of American poets—have all passed to the unseen. Among them none stood more strenuously for the purity of his art and the dignity of the profession of letters, then he who was the last to go. To those writers who for these many years have had the habit of turning to him for counsel, who have been helped by his discriminating and encouraging criticism, who have worked with him in movements for the honor and interest of literature, who have been witnesses of his devotion and his heroic endurance, Edmund Clarence Stedman will be a name of beautiful and inspiring memory.

His life was generous as his life was long
Filled to the brim with friendship and song.

How Much He Thought About Her.

They were on their way to the theater, and she was tremulously happy. She felt that the words she longed to hear would be spoken that night, and the idea made her almost dizzy with delight.

"Mr. Sampson," she said softly, "why do you wear that bit of string upon your finger?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, "that was to remind me of my engagement with you tonight."

It wasn't much, but it was enough to take away the delightful dizziness.—Lennon Chronicle.

Here are some gem answers to questions put in a recent history examination at a large private school:

"Simon de Montfort formed what was known as the Mad Parliament; it was something the same as it is at the present day."

Cromwell raised a famous body of soldiers known to history as the 'Ironclads.'"

Mortmain tried to stop dead men from leaving their land to churches."—The Tatler.

"Senator, I understand you are going in for reform." "Yes," replied Senator Badger, "I have finally concluded that it is the only way to do. Heretofore I have always maintained a sliding scale for my efforts, but now I intend to have one price for all."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Customer—I don't like the shoes; the soles are too thick.

Shopman—You will learn to like them, as the objections you speak of will gradually wear off.

"Can she keep a secret?"

"No, but she can keep a cook, and that's something to brag about."—Exchange.

"He not only was infatuated with the girl, but he fell in love with the whole family."

"Then they all had money, eh?"

What is a bucket shop, pa?

Father—A place where you get soaked.—Lippincott's.

Doctor—I believe you have some sort of poison in your system!

Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?

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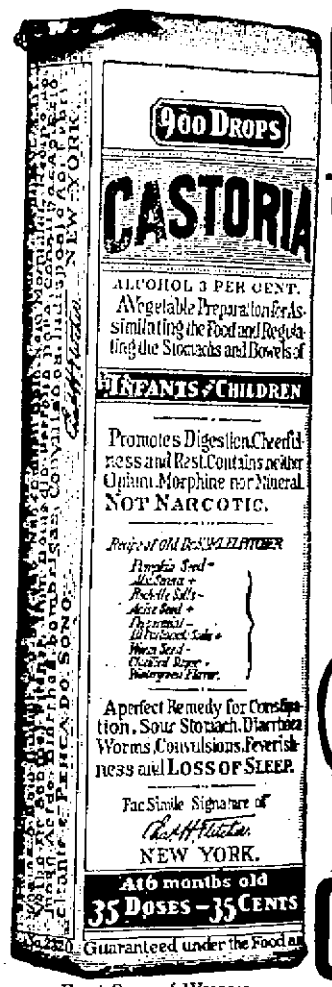

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Salt as a Remedy.

Salt occupies a prominent place among my home remedies for common ailments. Dissolved in water and used as a gargle it will cure an ordinary sore throat. Inhaled it gives relief for a cold in the head. Where heat applications are needed a bag of it thoroughly heated is excellent, for it holds the heat and does away with the moisture which is so objectionable. A cloth wrung from hot salted vinegar is a standard remedy for sprains and some put in the water in which tired feet are bathed, will be very helpful. When mixed with soda it relieves bee stings, and nothing excels it for a dentifrice. A weak solution keeps the hair from falling out.—Orange Judd Farmer.

"So the citizens of Eagle Eye have formed a literary club?" said the tourist in the Far West.

"You bet we have, pard," replied Amber Pete, proudly. "And it is the finest literary club this side of Chicago."

"That so?"

"Well, I should say so. Why, the members are not allowed to carry anything but magazine revolvers."—Chicago Daily News.

This man, sitting for his portrait, said impatiently to the artist:

"Well, have I got now the pleasant expression you desire?"

"Yes, thank you," said the photographer, "that will do nicely."

"Then hurry up," growled the man, "it hurts my face."—Washington Star.

"Say," exclaimed the irate flat-dweller as he rushed into the gas office, "do you mean to say this bill represents the amount of gas we burned last month?"

"Not necessarily," calmly replied the man behind the desk. "It merely represents the amount you have to pay for."—Chicago News.

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Mary (angrily)—I think you are the biggest fool in town, John.

John (mildly)—Well, Mary, mother used to tell me that when I was a little boy, but I never thought she was right about it until I married you.—Liverpool Mercury.

Mr. Owen Pepper Spins a Poker Yarn.

"Takes a tol'able good man," said old man Greenhut, thoughtfully, "for to know what's wrong with him. The good Lord done made most of us with a twist o' some sort in the machinery. It's more'n likely to make us bet on a hand 't ain't wuth shucks when it comes to a showdown 'r else to lay down when we hold the winnin' cards. There's millions o' different hands 't e'n be dealt in draw poker, but they ain't but four royal flushes in the deck, an' sim'lar there's monsteous few human critters 't ain't got some shortcomin's into 'em, an' as I was sayin' it takes a tol'able good man to know just eggsactly what the difficulty is with his own self.

"There's some 't knows. Now an' again you'll come acrost a man 't e'n put his finger onto his own weak spot 'thouten makin' no mistake. But it's a hell roarin' capable man 't 'll go to work an' straighten things out so's 't he e'n get the best of his own weakness. There's some 't tries. They see what's wrong with their hand an' they'll draw to it the best they knows, but mostly they don't fill. When you find a man 't e'n fill his hand soon as he knows what's lackin', you've got a good poker player, an' when you find one 't 'll fix up his own shortcomin's so's 't he e'n make h'sself right all the way through you've come onto a reel phenomonous, sure enough.

"There was a man lived neighbor to me in Greenville 't come tolable nigh bein' all right, 'most any way you c'd take him, ou'y it allays 'peared like h'd come just a leetle bit short o' bein' right about anythin'. 'Peared to mean well, an' allays 'peared to set out to do the right thing, but just as he'd get to the p'int o' doin' suthin' or other 't 'd make you size him up as a superior sort o' citizen he'd quit sudden, like the strain was provin' altogether too him.

"Dave Wimple his name was an' he come o' tol'able good stock, so 's 't there wa'n't no prejudice agin him into the c'munity. Being a unchully well eddicated man and some of a good looker, he was consid'able well liked, but there didn't nothing 'pear to do him no gre't good, 'count of his habit o' four flushin'. They was al'ays a card missin' into his hand.

"There was times when he'd have a call for to preach, seein' that was a good business an' not too wearin'. An' he'd set about it all right, reck'nin' on jinin' the 'chu'ch first, like he'd have to, o' course, but he never got no further along 'n the mo'ners' bench. He'd get there reg'lar every night 's long 's revival was on, but somehow camp meeting 'd be over afore he was reg'lar convicted o' sin an' took into the fold, an' then it was all off a year.

"Then he went into the liquor business an' done tol'able well f'r quite a spell; havin' some money and a powerful slew of friends. Started in all right too, with a fair stock o' booze an' the proper rules about cash, but just about the time he'd got well established an' 'd ought for to been makin' money he got drinkin' some heavy h'self an' took to givin' credit.

"Some later he took to spec'latin' in hosses an' niggers, an' bein' as he had good judgment an' everybody liked him, 'peared like he'd got on the right track. He'd fetch in a horse maybe f'om som'res way off an' fix him up fine so's 't 'peared to be all right, an' he'd get a customer 't was ready to buy, p'vidin' there wa'n't nothing ser'ous the matter with the critter, an' Dave Wimple 'd tell about him enthusiastic, like he'd have to, bein' a hoss trader, and then someway h'd stumble like in his yarn so 's 't the other feller'd shake his head an' go 'way. 'Peared like he couldn't even lie consistent, an' it ruined that business for him.

"I useter reason with him. 'Dave Wimple,' I says, 'there'd oughter be more into the game f'r a man like you nor you 'pear to rake down. Natut',' I says, 'done gave you a good start and good looks, a fair amount o' talent, an' more eddication nor the average, instead o' which,' I says, 'you go four flushin' every time.' "

"There's others," said Joe Bassett gloomily, and an ominous hush fell on the party so heavily it almost seemed to thud.

Old man Greenhut smoked a while in silence with a puzzled look as if doubtful of his own ears.

At length he said with suspicious mildness, "I can't call to mind as I was holdin' up Dave Wimple as th' on'y four flusher 'tever set in, but mebbe that wa'n't just what you was shootin' at, Joe, when you fired so sudden. 'F you had somepin' else outo your mind you mought feel better 'f you was to take another shot."

"No," said Bassett, "I ain't sure as I had anythin' onto my mind at all. I was just list'nin'. Speakin' o' four flushin', though, there's some't starts in with a line o' moral maxims as sounds like they mought mean somepin', an' then goes cavortin' off toward Greenville 'throuten any ostensious reason an' picks out a citizen o' that there town what never did nothin' to us. I reckon under them circumstances life ain't worth livin'. Not in Greenville 'taint."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper, "I seen a good game o' draw in Greenville oncer."

Old man Greenhut started instantly toward the corner where he kept his bung starter and Joe Bassett's right hand moved toward his hip pocket, but before either of them had taken decisive action Jake Winterbottom spoke up.

"There ain't no sense in bein' overhasty," he said. "You uns c'n kill him later 'f you're hellbent that way, but 'pears like Pepper's p'int is well took. Life sure is worth livin' anywhere where there's a good game of poker to be had. I motion he tells us about it, 'n' a'ter that I hain't no interest in what's did to him."

The others recognized the soundness of this reasoning, and they ceased hostile demonstrations, while Mr. Pepper himself seemed to realize that it was up to him to make the effort of his life.

"I was travelin' the state," he said, "when I fell in with a couple o' tin horns 't was movin' f'm town to town, an' we put up to the Greenville tavern the same night. I seen enough on 'em one or two places to know they was tol'able slick, but 'twa'n't none o' my business to butt in—"

"Great God!" interrupted Joe Bassett.

"——an all's I was interested in," continued Mr. Pepper, unmoved, "was keepin' outen the game while they was playin.' 'Peared like that was some easy.

"They called themselves Hank Buttle an' Jim Hockins. Mebbe them was their names. We were settin' in the barroom that night, an' Judge Olcott, one o' the oldest citizens, come in; some slewed, an' begin talkin' about hungerin' an' thirstin' f'r a game o' draw. Buttle said he'd play, an' a little sawed off, name o' Smith, 'lowed he'd set in 'f there was a game, so they begin astin' 'f anybody else 'd take a hand.

"When they ast me I told 'em I didn't play, an' I c'd see they thought I was lyin', like most people does when you speak the truth, but there was a storekeeper, name o' Graham, said he'd buy chips, so they had four, but they had to coax Hockins considerable afore he'd make the fifth, so I knowed right away things 'd be some interestin'.

"Well, they was, right f'm the start. First I seen was the old Judge stuffin' a card up his sleeve, an' I says to myself there'd be things a-diddin' some quick, bein' as he wa'n't none too skillful an' I knowed Hockins an' Buttle wa'n't overlookin nothin'. But they never said a word, ou'y I seen 'em look at one another an' grin.

"Next thing I noticed was Graham dealin' offen the bottom of the deck, an' I knowed them two crossroads sports seen it as plain as I did, but they set like' two beast dogs sayin' nothin' an' playin' along.

"Twan't more'n three or four deals a'ter that afore I caught the sawed-off stackin' th' cards an' doin' of it more'n consider'ble clumsy, so there couldn't be no doubt but what Buttle an' Hockins seen it too.

"Likely them Greenville yaps was so 'cu'tomed to playing together 't they was 'makin' 'lowances f'r one another, or mebbe they w'u'n none on 'em wise to him to what th' others was doin' but how they reckoned they was goin' to fool anybody else was more 'n I c'd see, an' twa'n't noways clear to me why two tin horns' 'd set an' lose money like them two was doin' thouten a kick.

"What made it more cur'ous was 't I was watchin' them just as careful as I was the others, an' I never seen nothin' crooked. They was playin' as reg'lar as clocks an' they was losin' on the average somepin' like two or three dollars a minute 'thouten a sign of a kick.

"Then, just about the time I was lookin' f'r the shootin' to begin, and I seen a great white light, sudden, f'h' old Judge had just raked in a $32 pot with the help of a ace't he'd been hivin' up f'r five or ten minutes, an' Hockins sort of stretched h'self an' he says, 'This here's gettin' monytouous. Here I've sot f'r an' hour an' chipped in more'n $83 'thouted a chanst o' winnin' more'n four pots, an' I've been helt every time I had a hand. I don't see's I e'n ever get even at this here $2 limit. Leis make it table stakes. What do you say?'"

"Well, them native had been pickin' up easy money till they'd got graspin' like, an' thinkin' they seen a chanst for more of it they all agreed prompt, an' Buttle growled a little an' then said he reckoned he'd lose as much one way as he would 'tother, so he hadn't no 'bjection.

"Then Hockins he says, 'I reckon we mought as well have a fresh deck, an' while you're about it, landlord, fetch me another hundred in chips. I want somepi' to play with.' An' Buttle says he'll take a hundred too, an' the natives they chuckled an' said they'd worry along with what they had f'r a spell, which they could do, bein' as they had more'n two hundred velvet among 'em. So there was somepin' over five hundred on the table when the fresh deck was opened.

"Hockins ripped off the cover, and I seen 't he had another deck o' the same color, palmed in his left hand. When he riffled the cards though, there wan't but one deck to be seen, an' that's when I tumbled.

"There wan't much doubt o' what'd happen a'ter that, an' it happened. Th' old Judge kep' sneakin' aces an' Graham kep' on dealin offen the bottom an' sawedoff kep' stackin' the cards an' Hockins an' Buttle kep' on playin' straight poker 'thouten takin' any notice o' the tricks was bein' did. Ou'y them two knowed every card in the deck by their backs, an' all's they had to do was to lay down when they was beat an' swat the natives when they got the chanst.

"Them chips begin runnin' t' other way, an' inside o' twenty minutes them natives was buyin' again, most as fast as they c'd dig up the money. Then, just as Hockins had built up a stack o' somepin' like two thousand dollars that game busted up the funniest I ever seen."

Mr. Pepper paused at this point and chuckled softly, and as he showed no sign of continuing his story, old man Greenhut asked impatiently, "Well, how was that?"

Mr. Pepper looked puzzled. "I don't rightly know as I c'n explain it," he said, "'thouten I show you 'uns how it happened. Buttle looked up sudden, an' he says, 'What was that noise outside?' The other says they don't hear nothin', and Buttle says, 'There 'tis again,' an' he starts to the door like this, like he was goin' to find out."

And Mr. Pepper arose like one looking for a noise, and opened the door.

"There he stood for a minute," he continued, "lookin' up and down this away."

And Mr. Pepper looked up and down.

"Then, stid o' sayin' anythin', he just shut the door, him bein' on the outside."

And Mr. Pepper closed the door, being himself on the outside.

After waiting a few moments in some surprise old man Greenhut and his friends looked at one another as if perplexed. Then they went to the door and looked out, but Mr. Pepper was not there.—N. Y. Sun.

When the Huckster is Most Zealous.

[From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat]

"I never buy anything from a huckster who makes a great outcry about his stuff or seems very anxious to sell," says a South End housekeeper, "for the chances are ten to one that there is something the matter with whatever he has to sell. When two men with one wagon come up the street roaring 'appools,' so they can be heard for four or five blocks, I know that some cold storage man has a big stock on hand just about to spoil and the hucksters know that condition of the apples as well as the cold storage man, hence their zeal and energy to get rid of their stock."

Rhythm in Rowing.

[From the Field]

Rowing means much more than mere exercise of muscles. Over it all lies the strong spell of ordered movement, the delight of pure rhythm, which the rowing man is perfectly justified in claiming must be experienced to be understood.

First Doctor—Yes, sir; I've had 140 cases of appendicitis.

Second Doctor—Loss any?

First Doctor—Not one. They all paid up.

The Rat and His Crimes.

In Reality He Is Very Chivalrous and a Model of Virtue.

[From the London Globe]

Never since the Jackdaw of Rheims was outlawed with bell, book, and candle has a small culprit been indicted with so much formality as the rat is being cursed at present. A distinguished jury of scientific men is meeting to discuss and decide whether he is merely a mild nuisance or a national enemy. The main accusation at the moment appears to be that he is largely responsible for the spread of plague and other diseases of the same kind. If found guilty the rat is to be exterminated with all the processes known to modern science. If the case is not proven we presume the accused will get off with a caution—which is not likely to impress him much.

In truth the rat has been an associate of man so long that humanity without him is almost inconceivable. Originally coming from Central Asia, the brown species advanced with the tide of immigration which peopled Western Europe, and as trade and commerce spread passed in man's shadow to all parts of the world, except the Pacific Islands, where for some unknown reason he has never yet ventured. The despised familiar of humanity, associated in history and tradition with everything evil, he yet flourishes on this abuse.

Happy and prolific in the outcast's cellar, and behind the royal arras; game for the pot-house sportsman, and the unconscious origin, if the truth be told, of many an ancestral ghost in baronial castles, the rat is equally comfortable everywhere. He is accomplished in the arts of life alike in town and country, the city area, and the woodland bank are alike convenient to him. He grows hulky and brown upon waste and unclean food in the busy haunts of men or among the yellow grain of harvest field and stack yard. It is all very well for his enemies to speak bitter things about him and talk lightly of extermination, but if this latter should be necessary, let us at least acknowledge the rat's many virtues before he dies. A gallanter heart was never wrapt in a humble skin since the world began! It is not the rat's fault that his tail is ugly, or that he haunts the dark places of the earth. In these matters, as in everything, he simply makes the best of a heavy handicap under which nature has so inconsiderately placed him.

A model of every virtue to which humanity aspires, his life is heroic from beginning to end. A devoted husband, according to the ethics of the underground, a compassionate and tender-hearted father, ready at a moment's notice to sacrifice his life for the benefit of those dependent upon him, he is without a peer in these respects. Even the claims of old age, if certain well-accredited tales are true, are not unknown to the rat, who is said to have been observed feeding aged, enfeebled companions, or leading them down to the water to drink when summer drought is upon the land.

Adventurous by nature and resourceful in emergency, without these qualifications the race could never have braved ten thousand dangers and followed man in endless wanderings through the long decades of history. And when the end does come and the rat gets his back to the wall he is a very Palladin of the drain pipes. Taking his size and strength into consideration, what man or beast ever fought as the cornered rat will fight, fierce and game to the last? No one has ever cared to say much about these facts, but the rat's good qualities, if done justice to, would fill a substantial volume. If the plague germ in truth sometimes sticks to those small pink feet and gets conveyed from the eastern refuse heap to the Sahib's drawing-room carpet, surely the rat might say the plague was the master's fault at first—not his.

It is interesting to remember that the brown rat, who is on trial at present, is a stranger to this country. Our native species is black and quite a different animal, with shorter tail and longer ears. He is more addicted to a harmless country life, and has a curious fancy, perhaps inherited from an existence long ago among ancestral tree tops, of frequenting the upper parts of buildings in preference to the lower. It was only about the middle of the eighteen century that the larger and fiercer species came over the North Sea on shipboard, and, raiding and plundering the fertile English shores, found things so comfortable here that it soon settled down for good. There is no room for anything weaker than the brown rat where he makes a home, and consequently the old English sort was soon killed off, as the feeble Briton of long ago disappeared before the onslaughts of Dane and Saxon. Whether or no the ill deeds of the stranger are such as to make his extermination a national duty, we will not venture to say. But no one who knows the rat at home and has learned to respect him in years of mutual warfare will fail to hear of excommunication without a sigh, or to regret that so gallant a spirit should be marred by darkling ways and linked to so unworthy a body.

Talk That Sells Mines.

[From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

They were in a group in the St. Francis lobby talking Rawhide prospects. "Let's go up to Bonneau's room," suggested one of the gathering. "Too many people down here listening to everything we say."

"And you claim to be a Nevada mining man?" asked Frank Bonneau in a low voice. "Talk like this means sales, man. We stay right here as long as there are interested listeners."

Then, resuming his normal voice, he laughed and continued. "Well, right after he made that lucky strike he flashed a new suit which was a wonder. He had hoofed it into Nevada without a bean. Now look what he's worth. Front of a saloon one day a fool practical joker slipped up behind and lighted his celluloid collar. Jury brought in 'justifiable homicide,' and he gave the joker's family a cool $50,000, which was big money for them, but nothing for him with his rock running $600 to the ton."

Dorothy's father is a militia colonel, and on a recent occasion she saw him, in brave array, at the head of his regiment.

"How did you like your father in his uniform?" the colonel asked his small daughter that night.

"You looked handsomer than anybody else," said Dorothy, "and you held your head up as high! But I think they were mean not to let you have a drum to play on!"

Eph Green—Ah desires to purchase ah razor.

Clerk—Safety?

Eph Green—No, sah; dis am fo' social usage.—Harper's Weekly.

A Cure for "That Tired Feeling".

By way of alleviating the mental and physical discomfort following a trying day, one is surprised by the effectiveness of taking a bath and changing all the clothing. This treatment, in fact, almost offers a sure cure, but the person who would be most benefitted thereby is the person so absessed to pursue the miserable tenor of his way that he scouts the suggestion that he thus bestir himself, instead of sinking into an easy chair. He may, however, accept the suggestion that simply changing the shoes and stockings is extremely restful, when reminded that if he had worn kid gloves all day he would be relieved to free his hands from the incubus, and, if gloves must still be worn, to put on a cool pair.

It is a further aid to physical, and indirectly to mental, comfort, if one can learn to wear low shoes and the thinnest of underwear the year round; the former is almost a panacea for fidgets; the latter lessens the perspiration, which increases the susceptibility to chills, and to even moderate lowering of temperature. The prevailing belief that this procedure is dangerous is disproved by the experience of the many who have given it a thorough trial. The insistent belief of the neurotic that he cannot acquire this habit was touched upon in the article on "Worry and Ossession." If he thinks he is "taking cold," let him throw back his shoulders and take a few deep breaths, or, if convenient, a few exercises, instead of doubling the weight of his underwear, and in the long run he will find that he has not only increased his comfort, but has lessened, rather than increased, the number of his colds.—George Lincoln Walton, M. D., in April Lippincott's.

"Picking" Easter Eggs.

Everett Wilson in April St. Nicholas.

There is an Easter custom among boys in and around Philadelphia, and other parts of the country of "picking" eggs. A boy will go over the eggs in the pantry (with his mother's consent, it is hoped), and, by gently knocking the ends on his teeth, will select one or more of the strongest. Then he goes out among his playmates and soon is challenged, or he himself will invite another boy to "pick." Before daring to risk this, each boy will try the other's egg on his teeth and if he thinks his chances are good he will accept the challenge. The boy challenged will then hold his egg so as to expose only the very point, while the challenger lightly raps the egg with the point of his own until the shell of one or the other is slightly cracked. The eggs are then reversed and the "butts" are picked in the same way. The winner gets the broken egg.

A Natural Assumption.

He was a drummer of the more flashy type and had just finished telling a startling story to his newly-made acquaintance in the parlor car.

"That reminds me of one of Munchausen's yarns," remarked the victim, for want of something better to say.

"Munchausen? Who is he?"

"Why, don't you know about him? He is the most colossal example of mendacity that civilization has produced!"

A brief, painful silence ensued, which was broken by the traveler in a tone that was almost timid.

"Excuse me, my friend," he said. "If I seem inquisitive, but would you mind telling me what house he travels for?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Youngs had unexpectedly dropped in on the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. The hostess, considerably disturbed, called her little daughter Helen aside and explained that there would not be enough oysters to go around, and added: "Now, you and I will just have some of the broth, aand please do not make any fuss about it at the table." Little Helen promised to remember and say nothing. But, when the oysters were served, Helen discovered a small oyster in her plate, which had accidentally been ladled up with her broth. This puzzled the little girl, as she could not recall any instructions covering this contingency. After studying a few moments, she dipped the oyster up with her spoon, and, holding it up as high as she could, piped out:

"Mamma, mamma, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster, too?"—Christian Register.

The Best Man thought he'd take a look around and see that everything was running as a fastidious bride would wish it, and up in the room where the presents were displayed, alone and unhappy looking, he came upon a youth, seemingly ready, like the wedding guest of the English poet, to "beat his breast." He was wandering about, looking at silver and cut glass without seeing them, and the Best Man hardly knew how to approach him.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked at last.

And the answer told far more than its two meagre words might have been expected to. It was: "Not lately!"—Lippincott's.

"Pardon me," said Ascum, "but it must be tough to be married to a strong minded woman."

"Oh," replied Henpeck, "it has its advantages. When my wife thinks she hears burglars downstairs, she won't trust me to go down and investigate."—Philadelphia Press.

Gyer was standing on the sidewalk as a wedding party came down the church steps.

"What are you doing here?" queried his friend Myer, who happened along just then.

"Watching the tied go out," answered Gyer, with an open-faced grin.

Solicitor—"Here is the check for the residue of your uncle's personal estate, less legal expenses. I am sorry that these have been so heavy."

Client—"Thanks, so much. Er—by the way, I suppose it was my uncle who died, and not yours?"—Punch.

"Rastus, I hope you are doing something to provide for the future."

"Yes, Mr. Blank, I surely is. I got married yesterday."—Exchange.

"Would you accept him if you were I?"

"I certainly should—if I were you!"—London Opinion.

If the wife is a bad cook the husband is apt to be a good roaster.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Women's Dep't.

Iowa Women Score.

Miss Grace Ballantyne, the young attorney who appeared for "Mary J. Coggeshall and others" in their suit against the City of Des Moines, is receiving congratulations from many quarters because of the favorable decision of the Supreme Court. The women questioned the validity of a special election on a bond issue for a City Hall because the votes of tax-paying women were refused and the Supreme Court has issued a restraining order stopping all work on the new City building pending the final decision in the women's case.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw, President of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, says: "This fight of the Iowa women has put more heart into me than anything which has come my way for a long time. I hope they will succeed.

What Women are Doing.

Washington's State bacteriologist is a woman, Dr. Rose Bebb, a graduate of the University of Minnesota.

It will surprise many persons to know that the first assistant to Dr. Wm. Mayo, America's greatest surgeon, is a woman. She is not a doctor either, but the sister in charge of Mercy Hospital at Rochester, Minn., where the Mayos' world famous clinics are conducted.

A recent visitor to the Phillippines says that the only strong-minded women in Manila are the upper class Filipino women, that they have clubs much like our own woman's club and are strong advocates of woman suffrage.

Miss Jane Addams is speaking before eastern colleges on "Social Legislation and the need of the Ballot for Women."

Prominent Louisiana Woman Gone.

In the death of Mrs. Caroline E. Merrick, of New Orleans, Louisiana loses one of her foremost citizens, and the cause of woman suffrage throughout the country loses one of its ablest advocates and most consistent supporters. Mrs. Merrick was a close friend of Susan B. Anthony in the days when the woman suffrage question counted comparatively few adherents in the south. At the National convention of suffragists held in New Orleans in 1903, Mrs. Merrick shared with Miss Anthony all the honors.

Mrs. Merrick was a figure of interest at the National Woman Suffrage convention in Baltimore in 1906, which was the last she attended, and it was during this meeting that Miss Anthony was stricken with the illness which ended in her death a month later.

Mrs. Belva Lockwood was the first woman admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States. Asked, the other day, what women would do if they were running the Government now, she said, "Instead of spending $3,000,000 for a naval trip around the world, that money would be put to use in beginning public improvements that would give work to the unemployed."

At present the woman's club is prohibited by law in Germany, but a bill has been introduced into the Reichstag permitting women to form societies and hold meetings after having asked permission of the police. The passage of the bill is said to be assured.

Miles and Miles.

[From the Los Angeles Times]

"Will we never drop miles for kilometres?" said a mathematician. "Miles are very confusing. A kilometre, the world over, is a kilometre, but a mile in America is 1760 yards, while in Sweden it is 11,703 yards and in China it is 629 yards. The Bohemians go in for a long mile. So do the Danes, the Hungarians, the Poles, the Swiss. If you walk three miles a day among these people, you have done pretty well; you have covered about fifteen of your own miles. There are, in fact, thirty-seven kinds of miles. It would take eighteen of the shortest to equal one of the longest. The rest vary in length between these two extremes. Doesn't the world, then, need one measure, the kilo, that it may use without confusion? Consider: A train that goes 168 miles an hour in China would go only nine miles an hour in Sweden."

"But, George," said she to the handsome young volunteer, "what would you really do if there was a sudden cry 'To arms, to arms?'" "Well," said George, "it would depend. If the cry issued from your lips I think I should come."

For Over Sixty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

The Chinese issued bank notes more than 2000 years before Christ.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar, only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

Tact is better than talent.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

A grain of fine musk will scent a room for twenty years.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose one pill.

The newest machine for making match splints turns out 40,000 per minute.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

Old Grimes.

[A. G. Greene, born in Providence, R. I., February 10, 1802, and educated at Brown University, in that city, died 1858, was the author of the famous song, "Old Grimes" so seldom correctly published but as popular as any in the English language. The following is a correct version.]

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

When o'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large, round head upon his cane
From duty was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But good Old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frowns;
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert;
He had no malice in his head,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge did from public gaze
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
He lived (as all his brothers do),
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

A Bird Lesson.

By Hettie A. Morrison.

I looked out on the earth in the morning,
After the night,
With deft fingers, around her hand woven
A robe of pure white:
And as fair as a bride at her bridal
She seemed, with a glow
Of rose-pink on her cheek, as her sun-love
Smiled over the snow.

But my eyes with their hushed tears heavy,
My sullen heart bowed,
With my crosses that tore (for I dragged them)
Saw only a shroud!
And but mocking in all the fair beauty,
Before me outspread,
For the earth that it did was made only
To cover my dead!

They were gone with the blossoms of May-time,
My life's sweetest dreams—
They were drunk by the heats of midsummer,
My hope's purest streams—
From the stunted boughs shading my Autumn
No fruits dropped below—
Now, the pitless earth nid by loses,
And shrouded in snow.

As my sullen heart mused, passed my window
The shade of a wing.
'Twas a sparrow, so brave and so happy,
I hated the thing!
Content with his crumbs and his chatter!
Contempt my heart stirred,
And I sneered from my height of sad wisdom,
"You're only a bird."

Then a marvel all in the bright sunshine—
The bird spoke and said:
"If to turn from God's life and His loving,
To choose death instead,
And to make of His earth but a graveyard,
Where souls are interred,
If it be only this to be human,
That God I'm a bird."

The Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
For rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book, or friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

Eating Between Meals.

Alden Arthur Knipe, in April St. Nicholas.

Twixt breakfast and dinner,
And dinner and tea,
A boy may get hungry
As hungry as can be.

But if he's impatient
And eats right away
His appetite's gone
For the rest of the day.

Whereas by just waiting,
This fact I assert,
His bread and potatoes
Will taste like dessert.

Hesper.

Her eyes are like the evening air,
Her voice is like a rose,
Her lips are like a lovely song,
That ripples as it flows,
And she herself is sweeter than
The sweetest thing she knows.

A slender, haunting, twilight form
Of wonder and surprise,
She seemed a fairy or a child,
Till, deep within her eyes,
I saw the homeward leading star
Of womanhood arise.
—Henry Van Dyke, in the February Atlantic.

A "Far-Petched" Joke.

Mark Fenderson in April St. Nicholas.

I told my dachshund such a joke!—
I thought he did not see.
But ere five minutes had elapsed
He wagged his tail in glee!

A Word for the Railroad.

From Ray Standard Baker's "Destiny and the Western Railroad" in the April Century.

Great as is the power and prominence of the road in the West, it is itself only the instrument by which a mighty nation is making progress. The road was the effort of the East to knit to itself with steel the far-outlying Rockies and the Pacific coast. Without the road, the West and East, diverse in interest and sentiment, never could have been held together. With the interchange of ideas and commodities which it encourages, the American people have been able to build up a great empire, holding together vast territory, firmly founded upon national unity.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1908.

NOTES.

VARS FAMILY IN AMERICA.

The English got information of it, he was seized and put in prison, and they said they would surely hang him. About this time Washington gained the victory at Princeton, N. J., where he captured a number of English Officers, whom Washington threatened to hang if they, at Newport, harmed even the hair of Capt. Vars. On receipt of this threat at the Prison, Capt. Vars was immediately liberated and he returned to his home on Honeyman's Hill about two miles north-east of the City. Capt. John Vars died on Honeyman's Hill, April 29th, 1811, Aged 76 yrs. His wife died there November 27th 1815, Aged 76 years; they had lived there 45 years, were driven away in 1778 by the English, raiding and burning his house and 20 others, and robbing him of his cattle, etc. See Vars Book No. 1, pages 18, 19 and 20.

The descendants of Capt. Vars comprise all of the name in Newport, of which there were some years ago several families, but the older stock have died off, and some have moved to other places; so that at this time, 1906, there are but a few families there, and some in Providence.

Joseph (5) Vars, son of Isaac 4 and Elizabeth Burdick Vars, was born in Westerly, November 7, 1760; he married Hannah Maxson in Westerly, July 18th, 1784. They moved to Berlin, N. Y. in 1788. They had five sons and one daughter, four of the sons marrying and raising families so that Joseph's branch was more numerous in late years or in 1880 than was there left in Rhode Island.

In 1840 to 1850 some left N. Y. state for the farther West, scattering into Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska and Illinois and other states, but Brother N. B. Vars has by great and unyielding efforts pursued and located everyone; as he says "not one has wholly escaped him." Hannah, wife of Joseph Vars, died in Milford, Oswego Co. N. Y., Dec. 5th, 1821, Aged 63 y, 7m. 24 dys., and on July 22d, 1822 Joseph married Phebe Ormebe. She was born 1779, died Sept. 22d, 1839, aged 60 yrs., lacking 3 days. Joseph Vars died in Milford, February 26th, 1841 Aged 80 y. 3 m. 19 days.

Joseph (5) Vars, when but 17 years old, went into the Army in place of his brother Thomas, who was crippled in one leg. Joseph served in the Army nearly two years. In his later years he drew a pension of 52.00 per year. He was greatly loved and respected as an honest and honorable man, and of his sons and grand-sons we find noble, intelligent men, and amongst his grand-daughters we find women of rare abilities, with noble heads and hearts, worthy to be recognized as of the Nobility; and it is with sadness I am obliged to make my pen to form these words—"They are gone." I cannot now write to, nor receive any more cheering messages from them, although none of their faces have I seen, only as in the Photographs they kindly sent me, yet in my heart they must always hold a secure place as Cousins and friends, and when in a little longer my heart ceases to beat, will that be the end of all thought, all feeling, of all knowledge between us?

Edward (5) Vars, son of Isaac (4) and Elizabeth Burdick Vars, was born in Westerly, 1763, md. Rebecca Peckham daughter of Abel Peckham born 1768. They were married in Westerly, December 22, 1785. They had two sons and one daughter, Theodaty, Rebecca and Edward, Jr. He bought a farm in Hopkinton and a few years later sold it and moved to Berlin, N. Y., in 1796 or 7, and bought a farm on what they called the mountain, a rocky place. He died in 1839, aged 76 years, and his wife died in 1817, aged 79 years.

Theodaty and Rebecca never married, but lived there alone many years, both lived to be 80 years old.

Their brother Edward married, had a family, which later lived in Allegheny Co., N. Y. where some are still living, Philander and two sons, Charles and Legrand. John T. settled in Nebraska with his family, is now dead.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6350. GREENE—PECKHAM—What family had Joshua Peckham who married Deborah Greene? Where did they reside, and who were Joshua's parents? Is there a Revolutionary service attached to this line?—A. G.

6351. PECKHAM—Did Joshua Peckham, born 1769, son of William (Samuel, William, John) serve in the Revolutionary War? Would like to receive the names of his children with birth dates.—J. P.

6352. CORNELL—PECKHAM—Joshua Peckham, born 1743, the son of Caleb (Philip, Thomas, John) married, Sept. 2, 1766, Mary Cornell. Would like names of children, with authorities and birth dates.

Joshua Peckham (Abel, Daniel, Thomas, John) was born when? Did he marry, if so, who was his wife, and who were his children?—J. P.

6353. LORD—Who were the ancestors of Dorothy, wife of Thomas Lord, of Hartford, Conn., whose daughter Anna married Thomas Stanton, at Hartford, in 1637.—A. A. J.

6354. PECKHAM—Who were the parents of Mary Peckham, who died at Newport, R. I., Jan. 10, 1778, aged 27? She married, Oct. 20, 1766, John Clarke, Jr.—J. T. C.

6355. CLARKE—Who were the parents of John Clarke, Jr., who married above Mary Peckham? He was born 1733 died at North Kingtown, R. I., Ap. 8, 1793. Was he the son of John and Mary of Newport, R. I.? John died Dec. 30, 1767, and his wife, Mary, died Aug. 6, 1755, aged 72. What was her parentage?—J. T. C.

6356. DUNTON—Who were the parents of Isaac Dunton, who married at Providence R. I., Deborah Sisson, Oct. 30, 1776. He is said to have been captain of a privateer, in the Revolutionary War. Can any one give me proof of that? Who were the ancestors of Deborah Sisson?—J. T. C.

6357. SHERMAN—Adley Sherman was born about 1768, son of Parker. Was she daughter of his first wife, Ruth Freeman, or his second wife, Mercy? Can any one give me a clue to her parentage? What was the maiden name of his wife Mercy?—J. T. C.

6358. SIMON—Peter Simons made his will in 1767, at Newport, R. I. Mentioned son Samuel. Can any one tell me what became of him?—A. S.

ANSWERS.

6338. PECKHAM—Samuel Peckham (Samuel (4) Samuel (3) William (2) John (1)), born Oct. 29, 1756, married December 29, 1781, Elizabeth Weaver, of William, of Middletown, R. I. They had children, William Weaver Peckham, b. Aug. 16, 1783; James Peckham, b. Dec., 27, 1785; Nancy Peckham, b. Mar. 3, 1790. He served in Col. Crary's Regiment. This is, as I understand it, the Middletown record. His wife Elizabeth probably died young, in Middletown, and he went over to Dartmouth and married there a second wife, finally moving to Newport, where the second wife had the children, born between 1807 and 1818. —S. F. P.

6341. PECKHAM—Since I wrote my articles "Concerning the Peckhams," I have gone back with the Peckhams to the twelveth Century. I have an almost unbroken line of descent for 700 years. I have also been in correspondence for several years with an English vicar, who is descended from Thomas Peckham, a brother of the John Peckham who settled in Newport in 1638. He has sent me the arms that the family have borne for 700 years; photographs of family portraits in his possession, some of which are nearly 300 years old; of the church where John Peckham was baptised, and other photographs; copies of Registers of churches, and pages of the most interesting information concerning the family, from which we are both descended from all of which I have become somewhat familiar with the family.

For more than 300 years they named their eldest sons James and Reginald in alternate generations. The younger sons were named Henry, John, Thomas, and William, with miscellaneous names if needed. The immediate ancestors of John Peckham, for several generations, came from a junior branch of the main stock, and named their eldest sons Henry, Henry, John, Thomas, and William are repeated in successive generations in John Peckham's line, and the brother's line, who remained in England, for more than 200 years. This makes the task of tracing individuals in the family quite difficult. At the same time, the fact that John Peckham named his three eldest sons John, Thomas and William, gave me a clue to the family.

The history of the Peckhams in England and America forms a long, interesting and honorable story. It would fill a volume. John Peckham left five sons who have descendants now living and a son James who died in 1712, whose estate went to his brothers and sisters and the heirs of those who had died. So far as is known he was never married. No descendant of John Peckham was named Henry as long as he lived. Very few were named James. John Peckham's son William died in 1734, a very old man. He was the last of the sons. The descendants of John Peckham in 1734 were scattered across the country from New London, Conn., to New Bedford, Mass. They were all first or second cousins. There is a great deal of collateral proof that they visited in each others families all along the coast, going by sea to and from Newport, which was the home town of the family, as well as the commercial emporium of southern New England.

This being the case, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that the only James Peckham of marriageable age and known to be unmarried in 1734 was the one who married Prudence Hallen of Stonington, Conn., to a James Peckham who, at that time was of Westerly, R. I. The James that I refer to was of Stephen, (3); Stephen (2); John, (1). He was born in Dartmouth, (now New Bedford), Mass., Oct. 4, 1716, and died there, April 4, 1753. In Dartmouth he is recorded as married to Deborah Hammond, of Rochester, Mass., Nov. 10, 1739. Seven children are recorded as born to them, the birth dates from 1741 to 1753.

They were evidently Quakers, as the children married into the best Quaker families in Dartmouth. Prudence Hallen probably died soon after her marriage, leaving no children, and James Peckham, leaving that chapter of his life closed, left Westerly, and returned to his childhood's home. As at that time, maidens, married women, and widows, were all called Mrs. it is impossible now to tell whether Prudence Hallen was a widow or not.

I admit that *my* explanation is not proved, nor can it be, but it fits the case.—S. F. P.

Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart celebrated on Friday evening of last week, at their home on Wapping Road, their 25th wedding anniversary. The occasion was also the fiftieth birthday of Mr. Hart and his twin brother, Mr. James Hart of Newport. The affair was partially in the nature of a surprise and was planned and carried out by several of the near relatives who were neighbors. The parlor had been decorated with double and single red hearts and the reception was held beneath a canopy of hearts. Mr. and Mrs. Hart were assisted in receiving by their son, Mr. Crawford P. Hart, and their daughters, Miss Louise M. Hart, Miss Mary L. Hart and little Mistress Lizzie Hart, after which an interesting program was presented, including several instrumental selections by Mr. Charles Augustus Peckham, violin; Mr. Crawford P. Hart, cornet, and Miss Sadie E. Peckham, piano, and a vocal solo by Mrs. Linnie Grace Brown. Three very clever original poems were given, which had been composed for the occasion: "Congratulations," by Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell; "Anniversary Greetings," Mrs. Otin P. Barker, a sister of Mrs. Hart; and "A Silver Wedding With its Reminiscences," Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham. Among the surprises of the evening was the presentation to Mr. Hart, by Mrs. Charles Peckham, of a huge "birthday cake." This was arranged in an elaborate manner on a special table and done fifty candles, which were lighted by Mr. Hart soon after its presentation. The outer edge of the cake bore 25 pink sugar hearts. Numerous gifts, mostly in silver, were received, also many letters of congratulations and good wishes, a number of the most prominent being read soon after the reception.

Sandwiches, cake, coffee, ice cream and lemonade were served, cart-shaped cakes were a feature of the refreshments. Music, dancing and general singing concluded a most enjoyable evening.

Much disappointment was felt in the absence of Mr. Hart's mother, Mrs. Lydia Hart, of Newport, who was taken suddenly ill last week. This also prevented the attendance of Mr. Hart's twin brother, Mr. James Hart, who was to have assisted in the birthday celebration. About 35 were present but, owing to the rain, the number attending was not so large as was anticipated. Among those from away were Miss Louise Mason Hart, the eldest daughter, who is a nurse at the Homeopathic Hospital, Boston; Mrs. Mary Eliza Barker, of Providence, a sister of Mrs. Hart; her son, Mr. Philip Barker; his wife and daughter; Mr. Lewis Eugene Peckham of Jamestown, and Mr. E. Raymond Peckham of Providence.

The first religious services to be held at the town hall by the Methodist Episcopal denomination took place on Sunday last. There was a generally good attendance throughout the day. The hall will furnish a comfortable and attractive place of worship during the time intervening before the new church is ready for occupancy. On Sunday afternoon, Easter Day, at 2:30 o'clock, the corner stone of the new church will be laid with an especial service of dedication, which will be conducted by Rev. Micah J. Talbot, assisted by others, after which the regular afternoon service will be held at the town hall. In the evening an Easter Missionary Concert will be held, the choir being assisted by Mr. Irving A. Corey, violinist.

The spring term at St. George's School began on Tuesday after a two weeks' vacation.

Owing to the storm no meeting of the Paradise Reading Club was held on Wednesday. The ladies will be entertained at Hillside Farm next week by Mrs. Harry E. Peckham.

While there have been many stormy evenings on the weekly night of the Berkeley Men's Club, Wednesday, the meetings have been held regularly at the Parish House. The attendance has been small, at times on account of the inclement weather, but those who have braved the weather to be present have felt well repaid in the pleasant evening spent. While the reading room is the especial property of the gentlemen, the entire building is thrown open on the club nights and visitors are cordially welcome.

The Women's Foreign Missionary Society held their regular monthly meeting with Mrs. H. H. Critchlow at the Methodist Parsonage on Thursday afternoon. The topic of the meeting, "Missionary Problems in China," was presented in an interesting manner under the direction of a member of the program committee, Mrs. Isaac Peabody. A new form of taking up the roll call, which has been introduced by Mrs. Critchlow, has met with much favor and has proved exceedingly interesting. Each member responds to her name by giving the name and location of some missionary in whose work she is especially interested. Many of the ladies have already written to these missionaries and the replies, when received, will be read at the meetings. Among the countries represented in this manner are Mexico, India, Korea, China and the Malay States. Through the invitation of Mrs. Critchlow, the ladies remained to tea in order to attend the evening meeting of the Epworth League which was held Thursday instead of the usual Friday evening, owing to the First Quarterly Conference. The League meeting was conducted by Mrs. Isaac Peabody, who presented the topic of the Easter missionary service, "Go tell my brethren." Mrs. Peabody was assisted by various members in making the meeting one of especial interest.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., April 6th, 1908.

Estate of Bersheba D. Ball.

LORENZO B. MOTT, Administrator of the estate of Bersheba D. Ball, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, presents his account with the estate of said deceased, for allowance, which account contains a credit of the sale of real estate; and the same is received and referred to the 4th day of May, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Clerk.
4-18-3w

VI.

FOR SALE.

7 Acre Pond Lot.

W. G. PECKHAM,
Owner,
Westfield, N. J.

Nickels-Dimes and Dollars Saved

EVERY purchase you make at BARNEY'S is money in your pocket. The more you spend here—the more you save

Pianos, Sheet Music, Musical Instruments of every description. Talking Machines, Records, Supplies

Barney's

Music Store

154 Thames Street

Procession Starts About 2 P. M.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Hadn't you better get into line? Baby needs the air so much. Don't believe you're stuck on carrying him, and it's a sure thing wifey isn't. Weather man says Sunday is going to be fine. Now, what a great time you'll have—a good, long walk, a chat with your friends, and baby'd sleep like a top all night.

50 GO-CARTS.

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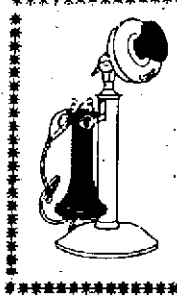

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NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

Probate Court of the City of Newport, March 26th, 1908.

Estate Dennis W. Sheehan.

REQUEST in writing is made by Julia A. Sheehan, Administratrix of the estate of Dennis W. Sheehan, late of said Newport, deceased, insolvent, that this Court appoint a commissioner or commissioners, to examine and determine a certain claim filed in the office of the Clerk of the Probate Court and disallowed by said Administratrix; and said request is received and referred to the Thirteenth day of April next, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury*.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.
3-28-3w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. March 16, A. D. 1907.

LYDIA M. WARD, the Administratrix on the estate of

GEORGE E. WARD,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents for this Court her first and final account with said estate, and her petition for an order of distribution of the balance which may be found in her hands as such Administratrix.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account and petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall, in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.
3-21-5w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, R. I., April 11, 1908.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of RUTH A. LAKE, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

THEOPHILUS P. LAKE, Administrator.

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THE NEW ENGLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. COLEY, A. G. P. A., New York.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, December 16th, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1621, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 24th day of June, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, December 24th, A. D. 1907, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 12th day of June, A. D. 1907, in favor of Louis H. Gein, of the City of New York, and State of New York, plaintiff, and against William McCarthy Little, of Newport, in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, defendant, I have this day at 15 minutes past 1 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, William McCarthy Little, of Newport, had on the 26th day of January, A. D. 1907, at 1 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Southwesterly, by Everett street (formerly called Everett Place); Northwesterly by Sarah B. Dennis; Northeasterly, by Jacob B. Brown; Southeasterly, by land now or formerly of the heirs or devisees of John J. Carry. Be the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 14th day of March, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock, noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
2-15-4w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, March 30, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, March 12, A. D. 1908—3-11-3w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, April 11, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, March 30, A. D. 1908—4-4-2w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, April 18, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, April 10, A. D. 1908—4-11-2w.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, November 1st, A. D. 1907.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 1623, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the twenty-eighth day of October, A. D. 1907, and returnable to the said Court, April twenty-eighth, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighteenth day of October, A. D. 1907, in favor of Abram T. Anthony, of said Newport, plaintiff, and against The Bearhaven Realty Company, a corporation owning real estate in the City of Newport in said County, defendant, I have this day at 28 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, The Bearhaven Realty Company, had on the 1st day of February, A. D. 1907, at one minute past 12 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at the Northwesterly corner on the Easterly side of Hammersmith Road (sometimes called Helena Road), where the parcel of land about to be described adjoins other land of said Bearhaven Realty Company, thence running in a curved line in a Southerly and Southeasterly direction along the said Hammersmith Road to Brenton Road, and thence in a curved line in a Northeasterly direction along said Brenton Road, 1,327 feet, more or less to the point of beginning, containing 6,52 acres, more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 4th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
1-11-4w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to WEDNESDAY, March 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, Feb. 4th, A. D. 1908—2-8-4w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to SATURDAY, April 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, March 4, A. D. 1908—3-7-5w

NEWPORT, SC.

The above advertised sale is hereby adjourned to MONDAY, May 4, 1908, at the same hour and place above named.

FRANK P. KING, Deputy Sheriff.
Newport, April 4, A. D. 1908—4-11-4w.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, January 27th, A. D. 1908.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1601, issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1908, and returnable to the said Court July 13th, A. D. 1908, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 12th day of December, A. D. 1907, in favor of Cazeau Pinard, of the City of New York in the State of New York, plaintiff, and against John F. J. O'Connor, of the City of Newport in the County and State aforesaid, defendant, I have this day at 16 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, John F. J. O'Connor, had on the 23d day of September, A. D. 1907, at 16 minutes past 3 o'clock p. m. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded: Northerly, 41 feet by Mill Street; Easterly, 87.61 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood; Southerly, 40 feet, by land of W. J. Underwood; Westerly, 88.6 feet, by Swedish Evangelical Lutheran Church and by land of John Henry Tilley, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction, to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 29th day of April, A. D. 1908, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK L. DEBLOIS, Deputy Sheriff.
4-4-4w

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I. March 16, A. D. 1908.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator on the estate of

NATHANIEL PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court, his first and final account with said estate, and fifteen pays that the same may be allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the twentieth day of April next, A. D. 1908, at one o'clock, p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE, Probate Clerk.
4-21-5w

Carr's List.

Old Wives for New, by David Graham Phillips,
Affairs to Mammon, by Elizabeth Neff.
Mr. and Mrs. Villiers, by Hubert Wales.
Practical Bridge, by J. B. Elwell.
The Call of the Deep, by Frank T. Bullen.
Deep Moat Grange, by S. R. Crockett.

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